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SUPER-DUPERING THE WAR . . . By Eric Sevareid

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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WHAT WOULD LINCOLN DO?
A Symposium
GEORGE FORT MILTON
DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
OTTO EISENSCHIML

"THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LITTLE JO"
by Robert Bright
Reviewed by Harrison Smith

"A BELL FOR ADANO"
by John Hersey
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

"AS WE GO MARCHING"
by John T. Flynn
Reviewed by Hal Borland

"WHAT RUSSIA WANTS"
by Joachim Joesten
Reviewed by Louis Fischer

ROBERT BRIGHT, author of "The Life and Death of Little Jo," with his daughter. (See Page 7)

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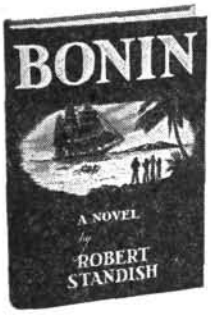

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Duel *in the* Sun

by

NIVEN BUSCH

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What Would Lincoln Do?

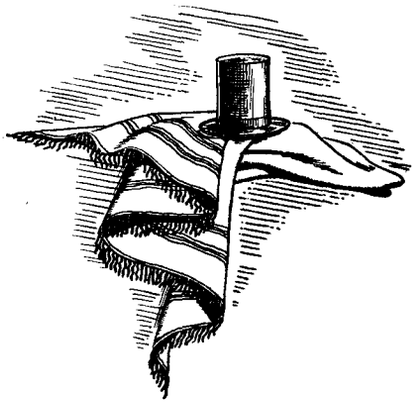
Some Speculations on His Possible Attitudes and Actions Today

Douglas Southall Freeman:

IF there is any historical exercise of greater futility than that of establishing facts nobody wants to know, it probably is that of speculating on what everyone would like to know and nobody can determine. Americans' perennial yearning to be told what the founders or the pioneers or the great Presidents would do today must be a survival of the ancient desire to consult the oracle. The difficulty is that dead oracles do not talk and cannot even guess. As a result, the historical student, being prodded, quite often unconsciously presents his own counsel when he professes to "interpret" what a great man would do in circumstances that man never faced.

To this disclaimer may be added at once a reasonable assurance: the mental approach, the spirit, the occasionally determinable process of thought of a successful leader in coping with his problems may be useful to us in trying to solve ours. We cannot know what he would do, but we may discover how he would go about determining what to do. In learning that we might learn also that decision, like courage, has an historically contagious quality.

Specifically, as to President Lincoln, he never undertook to direct in detail his foreign policy. His attitude and his method of dealing with his Secretary are illustrated perfectly in the famous dispatch of May 21, 1861, to the United States Minister to Great Britain, Charles Francis Adams. News had been received that Confederate commissioners were in England, that Lord John Russell might see them unofficially, and that France and Britain probably would act together, one way or the other, in recognizing the Southern government. This was a diplomatic crisis. William H. Seward already had proposed a somewhat bellicose foreign policy which Lincoln had no intention of pursuing. In this instance, Seward wrote Adams a letter of instruction which was not truculent but was, at least, aggressive. The President's emendation of this dispatch, as set forth in Nicolay and Hay's "Works of Lincoln," is a quiet approach to a determined position. The same quality of mind, including at one time a plan for arbitration, ran through the negotiations over the



forcible removal of Messrs. Mason and Slidell from the British steamer *Trent*.

In domestic policy and the maintenance of the home front Lincoln presents to those who studied him from South of the Potomac a shrewd capacity to compromise details without abandoning his purpose. He would swerve but always he came back to his calculated course. Ask an old Confederate where Lincoln was strongest as a war leader, and the answer was apt to be, "In his damned persistence!" Lincoln was willing to go the hard way, the long way, but he got there. He never undertook a needless task because it would be conspicuous or applauded, and he never meddled in details merely because they were interesting. To every President he should be an example, among other things, of the deliberate, humble avoidance of exhibitionist dilettantism.

Lincoln's monitory mistakes in dealing with his generals were due chiefly to his patience, to his lack of knowledge of military affairs, and to the organization of the War Department. His Chief of Staff, Henry W. Halleck, to state it mildly, was not a George Marshall. Because Lincoln did not have trained, disinterested guidance in selecting the best of a small number of professional soldiers, he picked men whose loss of a single battle brought on them the wrath of a cabal. When Lincoln found in Grant a man of capacity, who had sufficient prestige and self-confidence to defy the cabals, the President extended him the unquestioning support that brought victory within thirteen months over an already weakened adversary.

The case of McClellan tested Lincoln's patience as, perhaps, no other appointment did. McClellan had in the Autumn of 1861 a Napoleonic complex. By October, 1862, it had become a persecution complex. He was satisfied that the Administration intended to cripple him by denying him troops because he was of a different political creed. Lincoln had to work with him and bear with him through the psychological change which was complicated by Presidential ambitions. The final decision of Lincoln was to give him no command but to give him enough rope with which to hang himself. Lincoln did; McClellan did.

Douglas Southall Freeman has been editor of the Richmond News Leader *since* 1915. *His latest book, "Lee's Lieutenants," was published in* 1943. *In* 1934, *he was the winner of a Pulitzer Prize for his definitive biography of Lee.*

George Fort Milton:

NOT only is Lincoln a timeless man, with inner qualities useful in any great national crisis, but the 1860's and the 1940's invite analogy: the secession parade to our "soft war" after the fall of France; and Sumter to Pearl Harbor in the aroused spirit of the people after our flag had been fired on. Then, too, there were several President Lincolns in the White House; the one to whom I turn for this expedition into never-never land is neither the politician of February, 1861, still in the shadow of Springfield; nor the harassed 1862 Commander-in-Chief, vainly seeking fighting generals he could trust; but the Lincoln of February, 1864, who had found his generals in Grant and Sherman, and knew he could win the war if only the majority of the people of the Loyal States would continue to back the Union cause.

Were Lincoln in the White House today his actions might not surprise us, for he would soon get into the swing of signing Executive Orders with fingers crossed. The science of administrative management would leave him cold, and he would do little to lessen the chaos of uncoördinated war agencies. We would not be surprised at his indifference to the Cabinet system, and the chances he would take in his major appointments.

We would groan over Lincoln's lack of a sound program of taxation and war finance, and would lament the haphazard way he "held his line" against inflation. But we need not have been surprised, for he employed but never liked controls of civil affairs. In

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all likelihood he would have handled our war labor issue with some consistency and considerable firmness. His willingness to abide fools gladly, his escape in ribald tales, didn't mean he could be pushed around; I suspect he would have clipped John L. Lewis's claws as he did Vallandigham's, for obstructing the nation's war effort.

Lincoln would not have made many blunders in sensing the changing public mood. He might not have abandoned press conferences in war, as Wilson; but I don't think wisecracks about "P for Picayune" would have been an essential vitamin for his emotional life. His high qualities of poet, prophet, and seer, would have kept him aware of the heartbeat of the people, whether in such a congested production area as Detroit, an angry farm section, or the Wall Streets and Park Avenues over the land. Playing by ear, rather than OWI or Gallup Poll, after he had sensed the national mood he would lead it rather than waiting for it to pull him along in its train.

As Commander-in-Chief he would have been in a much better situation than in Civil War days; in General George C. Marshall, he would have had a Grant to trust from the beginning, without the trial and error of a series of twentieth-century Hallecks, McClellans, Burnsides, and Hookers. This would have enabled him, like Roosevelt, to give his confidence unreservedly. But in the Commander-in-Chief's zone of control on the home front, he would have gone much farther than the present President has done. For Lincoln could and, when needed, did exercise command.

There is little reason to believe that his foreign policies would have been greatly different from those under Franklin Roosevelt. Lincoln had a great deal of F.D.R.'s genius in timing; doubtless he would have moved gradually from the "cash and carry" and "arsenal of democracy" phases, to all-out United Nations' alliance, just as he actually shifted from surrender in the *Trent* incident, to mild protest to Britain in 1862, to stern demands two years later that no more ships must be built in British yards for the Confederates. Lincoln and Seward made a good foreign policy team, and he would have liked the consistent common-sense idealism of "that gallant old eagle," Cordell Hull.

This does not mean that his diplomatic improvisations might not have given Hull headaches aplenty: the way he sent "unofficial ambassadors" over England from propagandists like Robert J. Walker, to nuts and bolts like George Francis Train (upsetting Minister Charles Francis Adams no end) is an earnest of what might be expected from his disordered genius today. But these would not have lessened the effectiveness of his performance as Chief of Foreign Relations.

Moreover, were he President today, contemporaries might despair, as Chase did, of national survival with such an unpredictable politician at the helm. It would require the perspective of time, if not the pistol of Booth, to make him immortal.

George Fort Milton, distinguished historian and economist, was editor of the Chattanooga News *until* 1939. *He was chairman of the Southern Committee on the Study of Lynching for four years, and is the author of several books on the Civil War, the most recent of which is "Abraham Lincoln and the Fifth Column."*

Oswald Garrison Villard:

CAN anyone doubt that if Lincoln were here those heavy lines in his so troubled face would be deeper than ever, the inner glow in his moving eyes more intense, his whole aspect more tragic? Just as he seems to embody the whole poignant suffering of the Civil War period, so were he here we may be sure that he would give evidence in every lineament of a heart wrung with misery over the agony not of a people but of peoples, of humanity crucified. Where have we a leader today similarly bowed down by the weight of an overwhelming responsibility, by the insupportable duty of decisions which may mean one hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, three hundred thousand young American lives? Where is there an outstanding American politician who has voiced one single word of compassion, of grief, of inner suffering for the bereavements on every hand? Where is there one American spokesman who has uttered one word of the dismay and horror every sensitive soul should feel that in our coming invasion of Europe we shall perforce obliterate villages, towns, cities, every human being, every living animal, in our quest for victory?

—*From the Barrett collection*

One of the political campaign cartoons against Lincoln.

Inevitably one's mind goes back to those first days *after* Gettysburg. As Gideon Welles records, not in the whole cruel four years did Lincoln suffer such agony as then. He was in utter despair. He could not relax, nor rest, nor sleep. His face was drawn and tear-stained, his whole appearance haggard, shocking. What—after the greatest, the deciding victory? Yes, after the greatest, the deciding victory. For he knew that it was not complete, that the end had not been achieved, that a miraculous, heaven-sent opportunity to wipe out the Army of Northern Virginia was thrown away. In vain he waited for the telegrams for which his whole soul longed —the news that Meade had struck and driven the blow home. Instead, the victor, with complete victory in his grasp, unused reserves, and a victorious cavalry at hand, rested on his laurels—and called a council of his corps commanders to tell him what to do. A majority, all West Pointers, voted to do nothing; the volunteer generals from civil life begged in vain for an immediate offensive. Over in Lee's headquarters Lieut. Col. Freemantle, of the British Coldstream Guards, was writing in his notebook that as the ruins of Pickett's division came staggering back Lee's staff officers said to him: "If the Federals move on us now, we are wholly lost."

The bowed and broken man in the White House knew this—felt it in every drop of blood—telegraphed, telegraphed, begged, implored, wept—in vain. The Commander-in-Chief was not heard, issued no peremptory order. But it could not have been victory for victory's sake that he craved. He who would have reprieved, had he dared, every soldier sentenced to death, surely suffered that agony which Welles described not for himself but because his far-reaching mind visualized the years of war now certain to come, that one bold, daring stroke would have saved; the countless lives on both sides, in gray and blue, still to be spent until peace should arrive.

Lincoln today? Pouring out the balm of his healing spirit, hoping against hope that this holocaust might end, bearing its marks upon his soul as the slaves the lash of the overseer upon their tortured backs. No such words as "yellow monkeys" or "brutal beasts," or "extermination," or "utter

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revenge" upon his lips. Just his whole self in the breach—steadfast, unyielding, unswerving for freedom and justice, but unspotted and unsullied in the market-place of the war; more than ever bent and bowed, because his great heart encompassed the misery of one and all, the suffering of all mankind.

Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of The Nation *for seventeen years, has recently brought out a revised edition of his biography of John Brown, which was written in* 1910.

Otto Eisenschiml:

HOW would Lincoln have handled our foreign and domestic affairs had he been at the helm of our Government during the last few years? A mere speculation this, but intriguing.

When Lincoln moved into the White House, he had no foreign policy, because there was no need for one. America was at peace with the world, and the impending fratricidal conflict should normally not have affected our foreign relations.

Lincoln's foreign policy would probably not have been much different from the one followed by the present Administration. He was known for his common sense and his ability to formulate policies as occasion demanded. Few people, regardless of party affiliations, will deny that our foreign policy during the last decade has been based on like considerations and that it has been successful. We have compromised when it seemed expedient, threatened when necessary, and fought when attacked. In the *Trent* affair, Lincoln bowed to an ultimatum from Great Britain because she then had the upper hand; if he disapproved of Napoleon III, he did not show it so long as the French Emperor's designs did not touch us. He emphasized our friendship with Czarist Russia as a political counter-weight against potential European enemies. Our State Department chose temporary appeasement of Japan as the lesser of two evils, and we compromise with kings, dictators, and men of the Darlan type whenever it serves our purpose. For this course Hull is heartily condemned by people who do not carry the responsibility and do not know all the facts. Lincoln was equally condemned in his days, especially for submitting to the English ultimatum. But Lincoln had no choice in the matter, and was unable to disclose his motives without giving aid to the enemy.* The critics of our day would do well to remember the *Trent* affair—and let no one misconstrue this as an argument against free speech.

Lincoln's domestic problems differed in some respects from ours. There was no scarcity of civilian goods, because the world's markets were open to the North. The financing of the Civil War, on the other hand, was more difficult on account of our lower credit standing. Inflation was in the air, as it is now, but prices rose faster then, because no previous experience was available to guide those in power. Lincoln's cabinet, like ours, was bi-partisan in its make-up. Strikes were uncommon, but if they had been widespread, Lincoln would have stopped them by force, if necessary, and relied on public opinion to back him up.

Sabotage and the work of Fifth Columnists constantly threatened Lincoln's home front. He fought both with an iron hand. He had suspended the right of *habeas corpus,* and his secret service was unscrupulous and admittedly lawless. Editors of opposition papers, thrown into prison, had no legal redress. But when one of his generals suppressed *The Chicago Times,* Lincoln revoked the order, for he sensed that his subordinate had gone too far.

Lincoln was a great compromiser, but he never compromised where principles were involved. His conviction that "a government cannot endure permanently half-free and half-slave," would today become the dictum that there is no room in this world for both Axis powers and freedom-loving nations.

Otto Eisenschiml is a well-known industrial chemist who has gained recognition for his authoritative studies of Lincoln and his period. He is the author of "Why Was Lincoln Murdered?" and "In the Shadows of Lincoln's Death."

*Great Britain had declared an embargo on saltpeter, and the American stockpile of this material, which is an essential ingredient of gunpowder, was so low that if Lincoln had not pacified the British government, the North would have been unable to continue the war.

A Magnificent Homeliness

THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Frederick Hill Meserve and Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1944. 33 *pp. text,* 96 *pp. plates.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

WHEN an artist draws or paints a portrait he puts down the images of two men —the sitter's and his own. But the camera, especially when it is used as a simple recording instrument, gives a reasonably exact idea of what a man looks like. And when you have 120 photographs, taken over a period of nearly twenty years by more than a score of photographers, you get a pretty good notion of a man's face.

Here, gathered together by the lifelong patience of Frederick Hill Meserve, are all the known and authenticated photographs of Abraham Lincoln. The first picture shows an obscure young Congressman; the last, the aging war President, on the day after Appomattox when he had less than five days to live. The photographs, which are arranged chronologically, make it possible to trace the transformation that life and destiny wrought during the years when Lincoln rode to fame and glory. Many of them are unflattering; none is slicked up or retouched; all are testimony to the camera's value as the preserver of historical fact.

To look at them is to see Lincoln plain. He becomes a man and not merely a figure on a pedestal, yet he loses none of his greatness. You can understand why he was thought homely, and you can also understand why his compassionate and melancholy face was loved by so many people.

In addition to the Lincoln portraits, each one of which is dated and ascribed to its probable photographer, there is a section devoted to the members of his family and to the men and women who touched his life. Here are Billy Herndon and Joshua Speed and John and Dennis Hanks, and here too are the men of the later years, the generals and the statesmen, the friends and the enemies of the man who went from a Springfield law office to the White House. They are the figures one reads about in history books, the generation of the Civil War years, all made to come alive by the magic of the camera's eye.

If one were to own only half a dozen books on Lincoln this should be among them. It is an essential reference work and it is also an invaluable companion to have on hand when reading about Lincoln or his contemporaries.

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Climbing Out of Eden

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LITTLE JOE. By Robert Bright. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 216 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

ROBERT BRIGHT is a Bostonian refugee to the wider horizons of Taos, New Mexico, where he lives on a small ranch with his wife and children. There he has found time to write a minor epic of one of the many Spanish-American villages that lie, built of the very earth in which they have been rooted for many generations, a few scores of miles from his home. In "The Life and Death of Little Joe" he has successfully accomplished the threefold task that faces every novelist who writes Chapter I at the head of his first page. The men and women and the children he creates are living and understandable people; the drama in which they become involved is logical and moving, since it is spun out of their natures and their background; the manner in which he writes is beguiling and simple and so is suited to his subject.

To add to these virtues his novel is also significant in the social sense, not in the cosmic manner of John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath," though there is violence and passion enough in Mr. Bright's narrative, but because it deals with a people who are poverty-stricken and dispossessed, one of those sub-marginal groups that our fabulous economy has forgotten or never brought to mind, who may live in the heart of our country or on its borders, as they do in this case. It does not lose vitality for thus being anchored to a minute nucleus of human life in the vast desert landscape, or because here are only a handful of people who are struggling against the forces that are destroying them and whose final loss of everything, including their very souls, cannot be avoided by running away to any other place on earth.

Joe Sandovilla, "Little Joe," is born in this village, if you can call a few scattered adobe huts, a single store, and a tiny church rarely reached by the Padre, a village; he dies outside of the range of the book, in Bataan, and the novel evolves as the author looks back sorrowfully but exultantly on his brief and passionate life. He is the son of a murderer who had killed a neighbor in sudden passion and in a fair fight and had been dragged off, before Joe's birth, to the jail in Santa Fé. His mother, a gentle and child-like girl, dies while he is still a small boy. The village cannot understand how the State can be so cold-blooded as to imprison a man at a time when his wife most needs him, or why, after he escapes and returns in the dead of night to see his baby and to love his wife, he must leave them again forever.

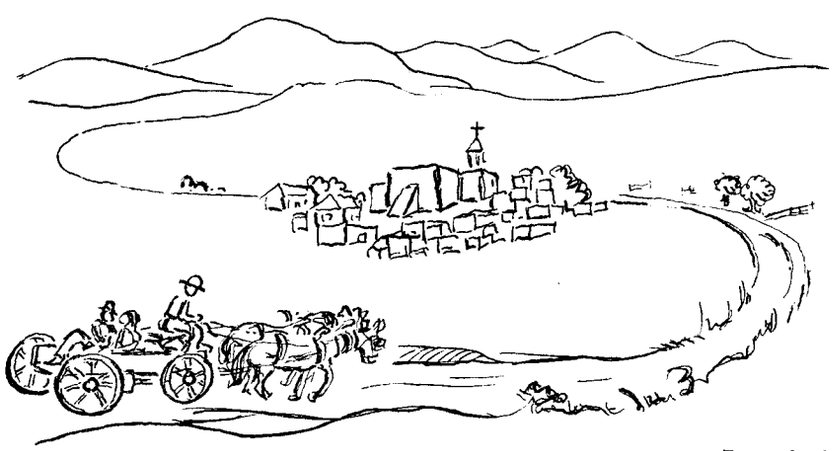
In time Joe becomes, as was his father, the village minstrel, bringing to his earth-worn neighbors ecstasy and solace, his music uniting them with their past. He also becomes, from his birth, the victim of two conflicting forces that are destroying the ancient ways of the village. The storekeeper, the patron of his people, wields a power over them that few multi-millionaires possess, since their very lives are in fief to his mortgages. Some contact with American life had made him greedier, less humane, than his forefathers from whom he had inherited his tiny kingdom; he began to encroach on their immemorial rights, to sell their lands to outsiders, to despise them for their hopeless poverty and their ignorance. As the boy grows up he tries to take him away from his people and to show him the other way of life, the money way, so that he can marry his precocious and voluptuous daughter, and so have an heir for his throne.

When Joe's mother died and with her his home, his aunt, who hated his mother and who had hoped that his father would be hanged, seizes the boy. From then on he struggles like a caged wild bird, his instincts pulling him back to his own kind, his ambition trying to force him to change his nature. In the end a wild revolt against his uncle's cruelty forces him into his true course back to his mother's religion and the songs and the music he had abandoned. He marries and his last act before he leaves to enlist in the army is to repeat his father's sin, to murder in a burst of savage anger the cousin who has been his worst tormentor. His crime is undiscovered and the last that the village sees of Little Joe is when he drives away in the ancient wagon on the way to the Philippines and to his death.

This is not, in one sense, an important novel, in the way that the best-sellers that thunder past us from time to time are important. But it is a story that you will want to read again when you come across it some day, half-forgotten among your books. Mr. Bright has the gift of being able to charm his readers and to give to the crimes and the native savageries of his characters an air of innocence and naiveté. Joe's mother, who dies so early in his pages, is one of his most successful creations, a slender, large-eyed little creature, as sensitive to vibrations in the air about her as a young deer, but courageous and fierce in her love for her child and her husband. Joe's grandfather, old Cornelio, represents the old life and the old customs that are vanishing so fast that ten years of today can work more change in the hearts and minds of men than the last two centuries.

The villains, to be sure, are as black as night. Joe's uncle and aunt have not one redeeming virtue, though the storekeeper has a kind of shrewd nature about him, and he is, at least, conscious of his spiritual loneliness when he knows that he has lost forever the awed respect of his fellow men and so has lost his chance for heaven, too. The contrast between good and evil throughout the novel is perhaps too glaring; but, if it is a fault, it is easy to overlook.

Perhaps it is the nostalgia for our lost Edens of simplicity and innocence, if indeed these Edens ever existed, that gives Mr. Bright's novel its central and persuasive appeal. It is concerned with a group of human beings who seem to be doomed, and at the same time it is an allegory of man's eternal fate, his perpetual, and agonizing effort to climb out of Eden and to reach toward the stars.



—*From the book*

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A Man of Good Will

A BELL FOR ADANO. By John Hersey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 269 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

"THIS is quick work," I said to myself, as I read on the jacket that John Hersey had spent three summer months of 1943 in Italy and had then returned home to write a novel based on his experience with our invasion forces. "Probably too quick," I added. With that prejudice I began to read the book itself, and my prejudice began to vanish like mist.

In "Men on Bataan" and "Into the Valley" Mr. Hersey proved himself a first-rate reporter while giving signs of being and becoming something more. It is the more that we have here, or the beginning of it; and while the fact of his development may not surprise perspicacious readers, I think its character will. There was no more reason to predict that Mr. Hersey would write the kind of fiction he has written than there was to foresee that the first novel concerned with the activities of our Allied Military Government would be one of the gayest books imaginable. For that is what it is, this story of Major Victor Joppolo's tour of duty as civil affairs officer for the little Italian town of Adano. It is not only gay, mind you. It is also serious. But whatever its seriousness of intention and execution, stressed in a foreword, you will be laughing much of the time you are reading it, and smiling most of the time. Which is not to say you will miss hearing the message the author would have you hear.

For the conveyance of this message —that our administration of occupied territory will be only as good as the men who do the administering—Mr. Hersey has almost as many strings to his bow as had the Players praised by Polonius. Strongly gifted with powers of humorous observation and amusing invention, he is at home in the whimsical-pathetic no less than in the serio-comic; no stranger to the mock-heroic, he is an intimate of the farcical-fantastic; he can wallop with the tough-and-snappy and score with the shameless-sentimental; and, finally, he is equal to the sober-serious. In the handling of crowds he exhibits signal mastery, as you will discover when you read of Joppolo's visit to Tomasino's boat, of the great gas attack on Adano, of the return of the prisoners, and of Giorgio's death as described by Nicolo. In construction he is neat and uncomplicated: the two main strands of his story—the theme of the bell and the affair of the carts—are nicely manipulated and carry the weight put upon them. And his characters? They are characters in both senses of the word, literary and popular. What types!

I'll not call their roll here; bare names would mean nothing, and room lacks for descriptions. But, glancing at the lesser figures, let me mention Basile, on whose cart were painted scenes from the Holy Word, who explained to Joppolo:

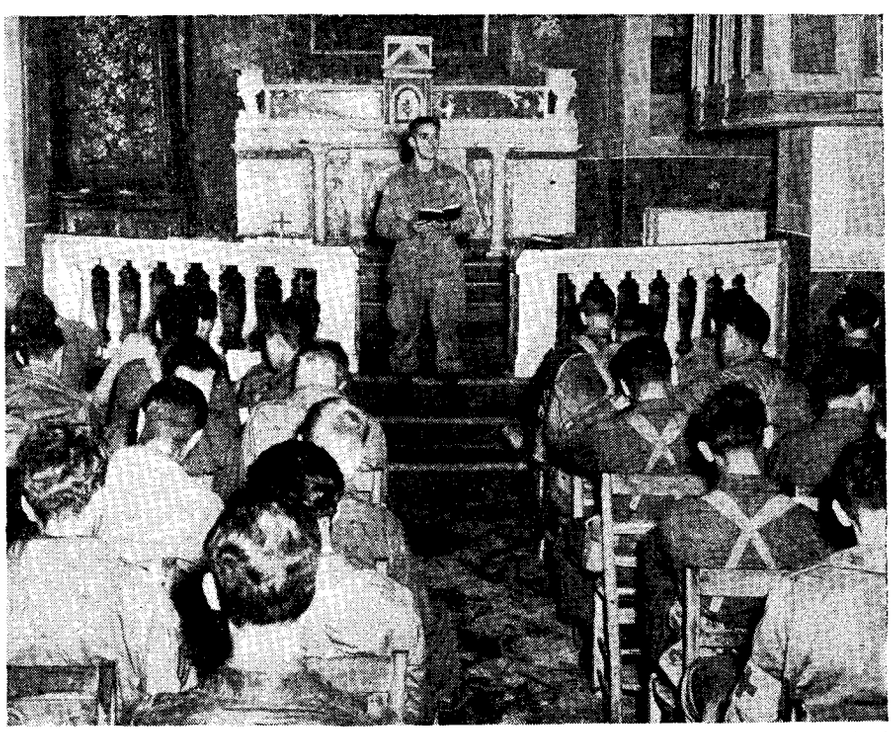
> There is the miracle of the loaves and fishes. There is the last supper. There is the widow's jar which never emptied no matter how much food she took out of it. There is the wedding at Cana where the water turned to wine. Now, all the people in all these pictures are fat people. I do not believe that this is sacrilege, even though Jesus himself is fat on my cart. It is simply that I told Lojacono Arturo, who painted the cart, to make all the people fat, like me and my Elizabetta.

If we lack space for the inhabitants of Adano, most of them charming in one way or another, we must give room to a character of a very different sort—General Marvin, "the man who still wears spurs even though he rides everywhere in an armored car." We have read of him in the Sunday supplements, Mr. Hersey tells us, and may have formed a picture of him on that basis. "You couldn't be blamed for having this picture," writes the author.

> You can't get the truth except from the boys who come home and finally limp out of the hospitals and even then the truth is bent by their anger. But I can tell you perfectly calmly that General Marvin showed himself during the invasion to be a bad man, something worse than what our troops were trying to throw out.

Mr. Hersey displays Marvin's badness, with no punches pulled. In the post-invasion struggle of occupation, waged over the tiny territory of Adano (miniature preview of a vast struggle to come), the American general represents the forces of blind and ignorant evil just as clearly as the American major represents the forces of seeing and intelligent good. Victor Joppolo, late of the Bronx, whose parents came from near Florence, is not perfect. Individual Joppolos will always have their weaknesses, but it is their kind who must carry our hopes if, as Mr. Hersey assumes, "our armies and our after-armies will have to stay in Europe" until a seeming stability has there been achieved. We shall stand or fall with our Joppolos: men of good will, knowledgeable to begin with, eager to learn, sympathetic, just, capable, and always trying.

John Hersey has delivered his message well, written his story delightfully. And in the process, inconspicuously, perhaps even with contradictory implications, he has written a sentence that should be held steadily before the eyes of all post-war planners. That sentence reads: "The war aim of most men is to go home."



—From the book

U. S. Army paratroopers of the Allied Fifth Army in Western Italy attend services in an Italian church conducted by their own chaplain.

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Super-Dupering the War

A Report on the Battle of the Adjectives

ERIC SEVAREID

AN American returning from the battle zones looks at current advertisements with a fresh eye—and finds a large number of them cheap and shoddy, insultingly presumptuous and incredibly far below the awe-inspiring challenge of this tragic struggle. To one who comes back filled with inexpressible emotions from the spectacle of young Americans fighting and dying, it is like hearing a popcorn-man's penny whistle jarring the climax of a mighty symphony.

Everybody, of course, gags at the ads which tell us that the surest way to sustain "morale" is for women to use So-and-So's face goo. But what annoys this correspondent and, if I understand them correctly, the more intelligent soldiers, are the broad suggestions that one particular spark-plug, engine assembly, or airframe is unbeatable, naturally better than the enemy's, and is winning the war—with a modicum of assistance, of course, from the fighting men.

Mind you, most correspondents, including this one, and most soldiers admire American equipment and wouldn't trade it for the enemy's, except for an item here and there. What galls the troops, and sometimes makes them ashamed when they are fighting with Allied comrades-in-arms, is the loud and perpetual *bragging* in the ads they see in the periodicals they get from home. As a friend said the other night: "You get the idea the war is being fought and won by the advertisers."

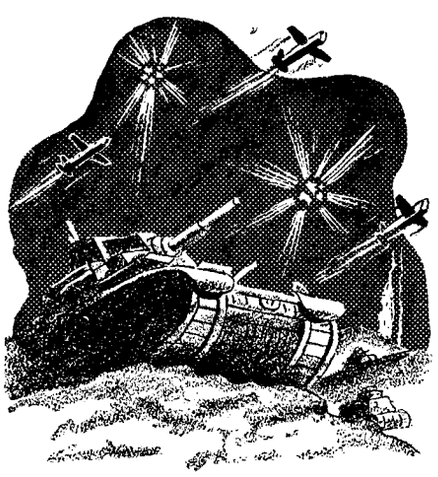
Some weeks ago, flying across India, I was stretched out beside two fliers who were idly turning the pages of a popular magazine. They came to a big ad which proclaimed that the plane we were in "never lets you down." The weary boys exchanged a sardonic smile. Certainly, it was a good plane and they liked it; but they had had too many narrow escapes, had seen too many of their comrades die, not to know that, if flying conditions were tough enough, this plane would "let you down" just like any other.

I think of another current ad which pictures a planeload of soldiers happy and relaxed as they skim through the clouds. Then follow the usual assertions about the efficiency of the craft. In the interests of the company, I do feel they ought to withdraw that ad. It so happens that this plane, while fundamentally a superb job, is so new that it still contains many "bugs" and is very tricky when flown, as it often must be, by young and relatively inexperienced pilots. Too many of these planes have crashed for those boys to feel relaxed, let alone happy, in one; in fact, most of them have a downright fear of the plane.

Advertisements are a genuine source of popular information and education. There is no question that they exert a far more positive influence in American life than in the life of any other people on earth. For this reason advertisers have a very great responsibility.

When a terrible war caught our people, tore up life's roots for millions of families, ripped away the future of thousands of kids and, for the first time since 1861, brought us face to face with the naked elements of national existence, writers of books tried to live up to the challenge; so did the correspondents—even if the headline-writers did not; so did Hollywood and the radio (though not very well). But too many advertisers have avoided the challenge, have put self-interest ahead, if not of patriotism, at least of reality. To put it bluntly, a great deal of their copy, adopting a patronizing tone of concern about the fighting men, sounds phony and faked.

The old trick of indirect suggestion is being overplayed. Remember the three-color photographs showing a handsome young man at the wheel of a shiny new roadster with two or three beautiful chorus girls on the running board flashing smiles of admiration at him? The suggestion was that, no matter how unattractive you are, if you just buy the roadster you, too, will be handsome, well-dressed, and surrounded by chorus girls—or at least the local equivalent.



Current ads show us an apple-cheeked doughboy in a jeep, surrounded by dusky belles with grass skirts and entrancing white teeth. ("Drive on our tires as you attack the Jap and you too will look like Humphrey Bogart winning the battle single-handed!") Or we see the gorgeous lady riveter who sets a new factory record and *still* dances like a fiend all night—because she knows the magic secret of Puffle's Pore Powder.

These advertisers, of course, are trying to hitch their little tin wagons to the great star of a tragic struggle. A few aren't even content with doing that, and resort to downright cheating. For example, one whisky ad shows an aristocratic-looking bottle with a caption reading, "For Distinguished Service." You naturally think the distinguished service was rendered by the bottle until you look closer and see the smaller words underneath, "Buy War Bonds and Stamps."

IT might be a good idea if advertising men had to sign their own stuff, as newspaper and radio correspondents must. They would soon find out from their "fan mail," as reporters do, what pleases and what outrages their public, especially those members of it now wearing uniforms or artificial legs.

All the advertiser really has to do is to say honestly that his gadget is the best he knows how to build, that experience shows it to be generally efficient (it wouldn't be used by the Army or Navy if it weren't), and that he hopes it is helping to shorten the fight. He ought to be smart enough to avoid overpraise of his gadgets and advertisement of unpurchasable products, especially as the bill is being paid with "twenty-cent dollars"—that is, with money which would be taxed 80 per cent by the Government if it were not spent. The advertiser just annoys a good many thousand soldiers when he gets himself out on that irresistible limb and suggests that this is it, folks, this is the final, the perfect achievement—with an insinuation that the chairman of the board ought to have the Congressional Medal of Honor.

American industrial genius has accomplished wonders in this war, as every responsible person from the President down is quick to admit. But gadgets are still only gadgets, and despite the ads which would persuade one they are possessed of personality—glamorous personality at that—they still feel no pain. Personally, I find my heart no longer leaping with love

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and admiration of the Flying Whatnot which is pictured struggling homeward with deep gashes in its wings. Most people's thoughts are on the human beings inside that remarkable machine who bleed blood and not oil.

America's confidence in its gadgets is a grand and useful quality. No soldier could put up much of a fight if he distrusted his weapons. But some of the advertisement boys have exorbitantly overdone the adjectives. The average American lad now goes into the Army or Navy with an ingrown belief, which he has never questioned, that the enemy's stuff—or the Allies' for that matter—can't hold a candle to his own. The beginner pilot, for example, is apt to be indignant when somebody suggests that the Spitfire has so far been as good or better than any American fighter. Then, when he is convinced of its worth by experience, something drastic happens inside him. You might call it learning the hard way.

We have the greatest automotive industry in the world, so when an American boy discovers that a particular German tank is better than our opposite number he is astonished, and then resentful of the bunkum he has been fed at home. Every war correspondent in Australia two years ago was deeply impressed with the dismay and indignation with which our fighter pilots greeted their discovery that the Jap Zero was quite deadly in a dogfight.

Some girlish journalism is partly to blame for these wrenching readjustments. The War Department itself is partly to blame, for it never had, until about two years ago, a separate division in ordnance devoted to the scientific study of foreign equipment. During the years of Hitler's rise to power and Japan's preparations for war, the American Army didn't *know* very many precise details of the potential enemies' weapons. Still, a certain section of advertisers must bear the major share of the responsibility: they have blanketed us with superlatives, year in and year out. The fighting men of our Allies may be *un*informed when they start; our boys are *mis*informed.

The Government warns us to expect the greatest casualty lists in our history. When certain advertising copy-writers sit down to compose future orations on the heroic qualities of carburetors or the splendor of cigarets "which have gone to war," let them consider that the adjoining columns may contain endless names of human beings who were also heroes—without benefit of adjectives.

A "Monroe Doctrine" for Russia

WHAT RUSSIA WANTS. By Joachim Joesten. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1944 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS FISCHER

JOACHIM JOESTEN, assistant editor of *Newsweek,* is a much-traveled, anti-Nazi German who wants to see good relations between Russia and the outside world. He therefore assures us that Moscow is not likely to do more than establish "a Red Monroe Doctrine" designed to "bar non-European countries from intervening by force in the domestic affairs of European nations" and to "extend a protective hand" over anti-fascist, anti-monarchist, and perhaps even anti-capitalist movements. Russia, he adds, wants not only her 1941 frontiers, that is, she wants to annex not only parts of Finland, all of Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, Eastern Poland, and parts of Rumania; "it is quite possible that Russia will favor the establishment of Soviet or Soviet-like regimes in a security zone" beyond that frontier. In other words, says, Joesten, "a sort of *cordon sanitaire* in reverse." This time, it will be Russia that will set up a *cordon sanitaire.* But that is all. We need have no worries about the rest, for Moscow "does not want to go further and communize all of Europe or even the whole world." That is really very nice of Stalin; thanks.

Mr. Joesten is aware of a cogent objection that might be raised to such expansion of Russia's territory and influence. It could be objected that, after Germany and Japan are smashed, the Russians will have nothing more to worry about, for surely England and America are not going to attack Russia. Ah, yes, Joesten replies, "but the trouble is that the Russians have become very suspicious. . ." And so, because the Russians are suspicious, they should be encouraged to create a big fat sphere of influence over most of Europe.

There is no alternative, Joesten believes. If we want her on our side, we must make "large, painful, drastic concessions to Russia." Give her "most, if not all, of what she wants. There is no other way. Blackmail"? asks Mr. Joesten, "Of course,—but blackmail has been, since time immemorial, an accepted practice of diplomacy." And that accepted practice of diplomacy has, since time immemorial, led us into bigger and bloodier wars.

Mr. Joesten is not 100 per cent pro-Soviet; he takes some of Moscow's statements with a grain of salt. But he gives Stalin the benefit of every doubt. He swallows whole the Russian contentions about Finland, Poland, and the Baltic states. He asserts, for instance, that "it was this Nazi ascendancy" in Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania which spoiled Russia's relations with them and ultimately led to their annexation by Stalin. This is pure bunk, for Hitler handed those states to Russia in 1939.

Joesten's handling of the Finnish war is an atrocity. He justifies the Russian invasion of Finland in 1939 by dilating on Finland's domestic sins. To be sure, "Finland in those five years (1931-1937) did come fairly close to becoming a model country" with a strong Labor party, strong trade unions, and flourishing coöperatives. But Labor was not given posts in the government, and there were fascists in Finland who were ultimately suppressed, and there was General Mannerheim who "kept in the background" for years, and Finnish officers visited Germany. Thus "Finland baited the Russian bear" until Stalin could stand it no longer. If we accept this kind of logic, then Hitler had every right to invade Holland, Norway, Denmark, and France. They maintained intimate relations with England; they were anti-Nazi and democratic, and didn't they ultimately fight Germany? Then why shouldn't Germany have invaded them "preventively" as Stalin invaded Finland? Joesten's chapter on Finland is a fantastic defense of aggression.

But the book contains an even greater atrocity! Joesten affirms that the Soviet government is a democracy. Democracy, he says, "means government of the people, by the people and for the people. By this standard, the Soviet government definitely has a democratic regime. . . ." No proof; just the bald statement. In the very next paragraph, Joesten falters. "Russia," he writes, "is neither a dictatorship nor a democracy in the usually accepted sense of these terms." But the usually accepted sense is Mr. Joesten's own standard: of the people, by the people, and for the people. By that standard, the Soviet government is a dictatorship. Of the three prepositions in this standard, "by" is the most important. The Nazi dictatorship is of the people. A benevolent autocracy may be for the people, in a limited degree. But only a democracy could be by the people. The Soviet Union is not ruled by the people. There is no electoral choice in Russia, no freedom of press or speech, and no freedom from the secret police.

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Study of a Cynical Philosopher

THE INNOCENTS AT CEDRO. By R. L. Duffus. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 163 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

WHEN Robert Duffus and his slightly older brother, William, were sophomores at Stanford in the early years of the century they had for one year the considerable privilege of acting as housemen, farmhands, and junior associates of Thorstein Veblen. Veblen was at that time saying, in a highly amusing and therefore offensive fashion, that the possession of a great fortune did not necessarily premise the possession of all of the lesser American virtues; as readers of the "Theory of the Leisure Class" know, his satirical exploitation of the pompous dialectic of formal economics annoyed economists about as much as it might have annoyed any Bradley-Martins or Vanderbilts of the time who knew how to read.

Gustavus Myers and Congressional Investigation have made the thesis somewhat familiar now, but the humor lingers on, and in the days of the One and Only Original Roosevelt, of Nash and Tarbell, it was jolly reading, spiced with irreverence and suggestions of heresy. And it is still difficult to be sure about who was the real butt of Veblen's sometimes conceivably facetious propositions and his ruthless syllogisms.

It is obvious that such a man, brilliant, enigmatic, amused, was an ideal object for the hero worship of two young men just having their first good and informed view of academic recreations. The hero worship of the brothers Duffus was sensibly restrained, possibly by a mild scorn for anyone who could tolerate their cooking, and the younger Duffus has drawn out of his appreciations a charming memorial of an oddly enchanted college year—odd, but enchanted.

Aside from the protagonists mentioned the Veblen household included some milch cows, two horses, forty chickens, more or less, who climbed trees to lay eggs, a young tubercular who was also a student at the University, and what Mr. Duffus describes as being at mealtime "a carpet of cats." In one of the footnotes that furnish a smile for almost every page of the book, Mr. Duffus says that his brother insisted these cats were not "innumerable" and that the term was not scientific. Mr. Duffus—now a very sound writer and journalist—retorts at this time that neither are the sands of the sea innumerable, but they have never been counted and neither were the cats.

The footnotes are worth special notice; Mr. Duffus has a footnote on his footnotes which is as amusing as any of them. He recommends them for the guidance of the reader—if this sounds in the manner of the late Rev. Laurence Sterne, well, yes, it is, and the whole text reminds one a little of Tristram and Uncle Toby, and the omniscient but detached and scholarly father of Tristram is the part of Veblen.

The author makes no particular attempt at criticism or elucidation of Veblen's ideas but there are a good many of the ideas, not bothersomely metaphysical, of the young Duffus as stimulated by the older thinker. Mr. Duffus believes in coeducation, "we might as well get used to looking at them." He is obviously as agnostic as his father was. He thought there might be a God and he thought there should be; the footnote says that on the latter point he was probably correct. He details his nineteen-year-old ideas of ideal feminine charm and comments that he thinks there would still be a place in the world for the creature described. (This reviewer hastily substituted "creature" for "lady." Mr. Duffus doesn't say anything about her being ladylike.)

R. L. Duffus

The book is not as deep as a very deep well and is not intended to be, but it is quite as refreshing as a spring, clear and bubbly. It is a fine study of a cynical philosopher and his reasonably adulating disciples.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CHARACTERS WHO WERE PURSUED

For adding interest, excitement, and suspense to a story there's nothing quite like a chase. The characters in this week's quiz were victims of such pursuits. Can you name each one and the story in which he appeared? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 37.

1. For more than a decade an implacable police inspector dogged the trail of this ex-convict and galley slave guilty of robbing a small boy.
2. An early stage in the long and exciting race for freedom from Kentucky to Canada on the part of this Negro slave and her little boy occurred when she crossed the Ohio River by jumping from one ice floe to the next.
3. From his earliest school days this evil-doer was haunted by a physical double who chased him through the years and all over the eastern hemisphere, always appearing just in time to foil his basest schemes.
4. A crocodile, having once bitten off this pirate's hand, kept following him around to get another bite, but the pirate was always warned of its approach by the ticking of a clock that the crocodile had swallowed.
5. Fleeing from a vindictive fellow Mormon, he went from Salt Lake City to Cleveland, and thence through the capitals of Europe until he was overtaken in Brixton Road, London, where he died of poison.
6. Under the delusion that Sherlock Holmes was pursuing him because of a horrible crime that had actually been done by his cousin, this Denver quartz miner fled around the world to Hope Gulch, California.
7. Suspected of having robbed the Bank of England, this round-the-world traveler found himself impeded at many points in his journey by the detective who hoped to arrest him.
8. This Negro boy, pursued by 8,000 armed men, was finally captured when police used a hose to wash him from the roof of a Chicago water tower.
9. Fleeing through a dense forest, this deposed emperor was pursued by little formless fears and the ghosts of his past.
10. Of the seven prisoners who broke out of a concentration camp at Westhofen, he was the only one who succeeded in eluding the Gestapo and getting out of Germany.

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Beating a Retreat into the Future

AS WE GO MARCHING. By John T. Flynn. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 272 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HAL BORLAND

JOHN T. FLYNN says in the second paragraph of his introductory note: "This book is about fascism in America." With that warning he polishes off his introduction and rushes on to German history and, on page 166, just about two-thirds of the way through the book, gets down frankly to the case of America. From there to the end he thunders through his jeremiad. And he closes his book by tossing a bibliography of just under 200 items into the reader's presumably chattering teeth.

Mr. Flynn is a reading man, obviously. He is also a writing man. He wrote "Country Squire in the White House"; it is the only other Flynn book listed on the fly leaf of this volume. He has also written lively historical and economic studies. And he will be (or should be) remembered as the author of a number of remarkable statements issued by the directors of the America First Committee in the months just preceding December 7, 1941.

If one knows Mr. Flynn's writings, there are few surprises in the present volume. Not even the last few sentences are surprising. After detailing his history, drawing more parallels than there are on an acre of graph paper, uttering countless judgments and indicting one policy after another, he sums up by saying: "I did not undertake this book in order to outline a program of action, so that this is not the place to indicate such a program. My only purpose is to sound a warning against the dark road upon which we have set our feet as we go marching to the salvation of the world and along which every step we take now leads us farther and farther from the things we want and the things we cherish."

Briefly, Mr. Flynn's argument is that America is well on the way to totalitarianism and that the major forces at work today are hastening us toward that end. All his Italian and German history is presented for the purpose of drawing parallels. Mr. Flynn finds substantially identical patterns in Italy and Germany, and he arrays his American history to fit these findings. He does it very adroitly. I suspect that he could also, if he had a mind to, build similar parallels between our history and the story of the fall of ancient Rome. That would be a good performance, too.

Out of his European history he evolves this general definition of a fascist government:

It is a government whose powers are unrestrained. It has a leader who is an absolute dictator responsible only to a party of the elite. Its economic system is based on state control of production and distribution. Investment is directed and regimented by the government. A federal borrowing-and-spending policy is instituted. Militarism is an inevitable part of the system because it drains the labor market and creates an armament industry. Imperialism follows as a part of the militarist policy and to keep the people willing to make personal and financial sacrifices.

John T. Flynn

"Where these elements are found," he says, "there is fascism, by whatever name the system is called." And he proceeds to find these elements in America.

History is a fascinating study simply because the reader can find so many contradictory events in it. Go through those events, and you can single out an assortment to prove almost any thesis you choose. Weight certain facts, slight others, and you have whatever you want. American history may be no different from European history in this respect, but the past fifty years have seen so many cross-currents that it seems peculiarly susceptible to a variety of interpretations. That's one way to account for Mr. Flynn's findings.

The apt interpretation, however, has its dangers. He warns against imperialism as a potent factor in the dangers ahead. Yet he traces American imperialism back forty-four years, to a gaudy "white man's burden" speech made by Albert Beveridge in the Senate early in January of 1900. Imperialism, he says, got us into this war and inevitably will get us into other wars. "We are at war," he says, "and we are at war in Asia because we possessed the Philippines." But he neglects to explain why it took forty-two years for that speech of Beveridge to get us into war out there. One wonders just how critical such a situation can be when there is such a time lag between cause and effect.

And while one ponders, one remembers something else Mr. Flynn once said about the way we got into this war. It was in the form of a warning, which he uttered in October of 1941, just after the *Kearny* was sunk by German torpedoes. "The war party," Mr. Flynn said then, "is praying for these attacks. They are praying for the sinking of American vessels with the American flag on them and American seamen in them, in order to arouse the American people to a war fever."

Of course, he could have meant all along that "the war party" was just holding the Philippines as an ace in the hole, to be used in case their prayers for more attacks in the Atlantic went unanswered.

Imperialism, and the war caused by the Philippines, however, are only one item on Mr. Flynn's agenda. Economics interest him even more, particularly red-ink economics. The spectre of future debt service is, to him, the ultimate proof that the end of the world is in sight. Sometimes the less learned among us shudder at those billions, ourselves, and wonder where the interest is coming from. But when we do, we get to thinking about the way the Axis was lunging through Europe and Asia and into the Aleutians and even into Hawaii a couple of years ago, and we decide that maybe there are worse things than deficits. Even when we get bogged down completely in those unfathomable income tax returns, we still are of that mind.

Then, of course, Mr. Flynn quails at the spectacle of Government control of production. There, too, we can understand some of his fears. Fortunately, there are a good many others who don't believe in over-all controls except in war time. His point even loses its punch today when we look at what the American factories have done. Mr. Flynn doesn't mention that. Perhaps he is still of the same mind he was in June of 1941, when he said, among other arguments against our getting into the war, that we seriously lacked war equipment and that "it will take years to get the supply needed to equip the vast armies that will be needed for the job these warmakers are talking about." It did take "years." Two years, as a matter of fact. And even before the end of those two years we had enough material to

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clear the Axis out of Africa and send them scurrying up the Italian peninsula.

But perhaps we are skirting Mr. Flynn's major point. He says there is a powerful group in the Government which is intent on making and keeping the United States of America a totalitarian state. He says that Congress has abdicated. He says the President has been given the power of the purse. He implies that in case of future crisis, the States may even rush through a constitutional amendment putting complete dictatorial powers in the President—look, he says, at the speed with which the Eighteenth Amendment was ripped out of the Constitution, when an earlier crisis came along.

Now in all these matters, Mr. Flynn arrays parallels by the dozen. He cites his authorities and he draws his conclusions. You can believe in his fears, or you can pass them up. But typical of his argument is the one which he advances to prove his contention that Congress is being pushed out of the picture. Not so long ago, he says, there was a concerted drive to discredit Congress. He doesn't say where that drive originated. He does say that the newspaper columnists were drawn into the plot. And he cites some bitter words of Raymond Clapper to clinch his point, saying that Clapper helped the plot along. In point of fact, Mr. Clapper's bitter words at that time—and they were strong, eloquent words—were essentially a plea for a strong Congress that would stand on its own feet and do its job. He cracked down on the weaklings and called for guts and integrity and the kind of Congressional backbone that makes constitutional, representative government work. And Mr. Flynn cites those words of Raymond Clapper, without quoting them, as a sample of the campaign "to discredit Congress."

We need critics. We need men with the courage to stand up in meeting and bawl hell out of us now and then. We also need men who not only know what's wrong, but who have some ideas about how to get things back on the right track.

Mr. Flynn has bawled hell out of us for some time now, and he has pointed an accusing finger in all directions. But when you get right down to it, his thesis seems to be that the world is going to pot, has been headed there for the past fifty years, and that the United States of America is in the last stages of democratic disintegration. And apparently he hasn't any idea what to do about it; if he has, he has pretty well kept it to himself. He says in so many words in this book that there isn't any program here.

Maybe it's just that he is in a perpetual state of discouragement. A little over two years ago—in September of 1941, to be exact—he asked: "Is any material or spiritual thing of ours here in America involved to such a point that you are willing to raise vast armies, send them throughout the world and cripple your whole economic and social system for years in the effort?" America felt that the answer was "Yes!" Japan emphasized that answer for us. We risked the future, because we thought a lot of things, both material and spiritual, were worth fighting for—if you can call going to war under those circumstances risking the future. But Mr. Flynn seems still to be of the same opinion, at heart, that he was less than three months before Pearl Harbor.

Vanguard of Reconquest

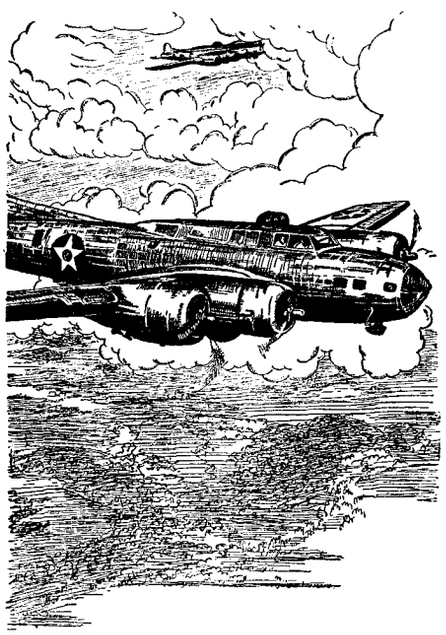
WINGATE'S RAIDERS. By Charles J. Rolo. New York: The Viking Press. 197 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
CAPTAIN C. BROOKS PETERS, USMC

ORDE CHARLES WINGATE is a brigadier in the British Army. Slightly more than two years ago he was a major, not just another professional soldier who had attained his majority through length of service, but a man with a considerable reputation for daring strategy and tactics gained in fighting terrorists in Palestine and Italians in Ethiopia.

In the late spring of 1942, when the campaign in Burma was approaching a disastrous climax, Field Marshall Wavell had Wingate sent out to India to appraise the causes for the British defeat in that campaign, to "fathom the secrets of Japanese jungle warfare, and to plan a campaign which would be the vanguard of reconquest of Burma."

"Wingate's Raiders" is the history of that guerrilla campaign through which General Wingate led a body of several thousand highly and specially trained troops to test the efficacy of the jungle tactics he had evolved and simultaneously to destroy valuable enemy-held installations in Burma.



Departing India afoot, committed to avoiding even jungle trails when in the vicinity of the enemy so as constantly to be in the position to outflank the Japanese, Wingate's Raiders marched more than 1,000 miles in a trek which took them from Imphal in Assam across the Chindwin River, through Burma to and beyond the Irrawaddy River, and to within one 100 miles of the Burma road and then back to India.

General Wingate wished to test, among other principles, the practicability of taking ordinary troops "born and bred for the most part to factories and workshops" and by special conditioning and training building a force capable of meeting, and beating, the enemy in jungle warfare. He wished also to experiment with the feasibility of supplying a sizeable body of men exclusively by air-drop, thus rendering his communication lines invulnerable, and to test the extent to which it would be possible for a field commander to direct and coördinate by radio the activities of small groups of his force scattered at considerable distances through the jungle.

The hazardous journey undertaken by General Wingate and his men is recorded in considerable detail in "Wingate's Raiders." Unfortunately the author of the volume, Charles J. Rolo, was not along on the trek. He has culled his information from official confidential reports and from conversations with two of the officers who participated.

Mr. Rolo has not quite succeeded in making his tale live. It is largely impersonal, a recountal of the route followed by the expedition and the major obstacles which it encountered. It conveys none of the terror which is an enemy-infested jungle and to this reviewer seems slightly detached from the horror which is this war.

For those interested in the personality of General Wingate, "the New Lawrence," the book is pregnant with anecdotes and photographs. Mr. Rolo gives copious evidence to substantiate his claim that General Wingate is "an eccentric, with the reforming zeal of an evangelist and the intellectual fervor of an Old Testament prophet."

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WHAT WOULD LINCOLN DO?

YOU scarcely need to ask what I will do. What would you do in my position? Would you drop the war where it is? Or would you prosecute it in the future with elder-stalk squirts charged with rose-water? Would you deal lighter blows rather than heavier ones? Would you give up the contest, leaving any available means unapplied? I am in no boastful mood. I shall not do more than I can, and I shall do all I can to save the government, which is my sworn duty as well as my personal inclination. I shall do nothing in malice. What I deal with is too vast for malicious dealing. [July 28, 1862.]

* * *

The subject is one upon which I have thought much for weeks past, and I may even say for months. I am approached with the most opposite opinions and advice, and that by religious men who are equally certain that they represent the divine will. I am sure that either the one or the other class is mistaken in the belief, and perhaps in some respects both. I hope it will not be irreverent for me to say that if it is probable that God would reveal his will to others on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed he would reveal it directly to me; for, unless I am more deceived in myself than I often am, it is my earnest desire to know the will of Providence in this matter. And if I can learn what it is, I will do it.

These are not, however, the days of miracles, and I suppose it will be granted that I am not to expect a direct revelation. I must study the plain physical facts of the case, ascertain what is possible, and learn what appears to be wise and right. The subject is difficult, and good men do not agree. For instance, the other day four gentlemen of standing and intelligence from New York called as a delegation on business connected with the war; but, before leaving, two of them earnestly beset me to proclaim general emancipation, upon which the other two at once attacked them. You know also that the last session of Congress had a decided majority of anti-slavery men, yet they could not unite on this policy. And the same is true of the religious people. Why, the rebel soldiers are praying with a great deal more earnestness, I fear, than our own troops, and expecting God to favor their side. . . . What good would a proclamation of emancipation from me do, especially as we are now situated? I do not want to issue a document that the whole world will see must necessarily be inoperative, like the Pope's bull against the comet. Would my word free the slaves, when I cannot even enforce the Constitution in the rebel States?

. . . Let me say one thing more: I think you should admit that we already have an important principle to rally and unite the people, in the fact that constitutional government is at stake. This is a fundamental idea going down about as deep as anything. [Sept. 13, 1862.]

* * *

I suppose that while the political drama being enacted in this country at this time is rapidly shifting its scenes—forbidding an anticipation with any degree of certainty, today, of what we shall see tomorrow—it is peculiarly fitting that I should see it all, up to the last minute, before I should take ground that I might be disposed (by the shifting of the scenes afterward) also to shift. I have said several times, and I now repeat to you, that when the time does come, I shall then take the ground that I think is right—right for the North, for the South, for the East, for the West, for the whole country. And in doing so, I hope to feel no necessity pressing upon me to say anything in conflict with the Constitution; in conflict with the continued union of these States, in conflict with the perpetuation of the liberties of this people, or anything in conflict with anything whatever that I have ever given you reason to expect from me. [Feb. 19, 1861.]

* * *

I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. . . . I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free. [Aug. 22, 1862.]

* * *

The war continues. In considering the policy to be adopted, I have been anxious and careful that the inevitable conflict shall not degenerate into a violent and remorseless revolutionary struggle. I have, therefore, in every case thought it proper to keep the integrity of the Union prominent as the primary object of the contest on our part, leaving all questions which are not of vital military importance to the more deliberate action of the legislature. [Dec. 3, 1861.]

* * *

The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We—even we here—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth. Other means may succeed; this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless. [Dec. 1, 1862.]

Abraham Lincoln.

Interlude: Song of the War

By Carlos Bulosan

MY dear, when you come back,
look for me in the familiar day.

Look under the sound of the wind,
and in the vast tracks of the sky.

When you come back, look for me
in the passing of warring years.

My dear, look for me only
in the grand havoc of your fears.

And if you come back to me
just to live through another day,

My dear, live only for me;
if you come back to me.

The world divides in my heart,
and the future is a knife in my hand.

My dear, the pain drives me to fear,
and makes all thoughts obsolete.

The fear upon my side is the pain
that burns all my hopes.

It's the hand that touches the future,
and you, my dear, my dear.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Armed Services Editions

SIR: Many of us interested in what we hear of the new Armed Services Editions of selected books are anxious to know what the members of armed services think of this new venture in book making and distribution. Since I know that *The Saturday Review of Literature* is reaching many of the soldiers and sailors who are very far away, I suggest that perhaps you may be willing to ask them to write you and say what they think of these books. After all, the test of the success of this venture lies in the satisfaction of the consumer.

Do let's hear from them, if you can.

JENNIE M. FLEXNER.
N. Y. Public Library
New York, N. Y.

Boning for Bolívar

SIR: No doubt President Guy Stanton Ford meant to be very clever and very bright and very witty when he denounced [*SRL*, Jan. 22, 1944] your reviewer who had repeated my remark that when I started my little and completely unpretentious book on Simón Bolívar "I was completely ignorant of the subject."

I recommend that the distinguished educator take a course in Freshman English in his own seat of learning. His teacher will then show him that "was" refers to something that happened in the past and has no connection with the present.

When two years ago I decided that our younger generation should know at least something about this extraordinary man Bolívar, I "was" as ignorant about the subject as ninety-nine per cent of my colleagues who have not specialized in the history of the South American continent. I therefore collected every book upon Simón Bolivar that was available or that could be bought second-hand.

I have been careful never to write seriously upon any historical figure whose language I could not more or less read and I am a most faithful dictionary handler. I have, it is true, made a few references to Confucius, but he is, as far as I can remember, my only exception. Gradually a small Bolívar collection got assembled and, pencil in hand (that is the advantage of buying your own books instead of borrowing them from a library), I started reading.

It was a pretty hopeless task. I had hoped that some South American historian would have done for Bolívar what, let us say, Carl Sandburg has done for Abraham Lincoln. Such a book may exist but I failed to find it and I had to depend upon pretty poor primary material. There were periods in Bolívar's life which even today (when the ignorance that "was" has been replaced by a certain amount of definite information that "is") make

very little sense to me. There are one or two points upon which even South American scholars could shed no light and in those cases I took what seemed "the most plausible solution" and hoped that it was the right one.

I would very much like to hear from more experienced Bolívar scholars than I happen to be and to find out whether they too do not regret the absence of an absolutely trustworthy Bolivar biography which would settle all the facts for once and for all.

This lack of material even extended itself to the pictorial part. Never before have I had so much difficulty in illustrating a book. There was apparently no contemporary artist who took the trouble to favor us with pictures about the life and times of the Liberator, and when it came to his mountain campaigns, I had to rely upon my own memories of the Andes. The few allegorical pictures painted by the contemporary artists were less than useless. They did not even bother to give us the correct uniforms.

It seems incredible, but it is easier to reconstruct the life of Tiglath-Pileser than that of Simón Bolívar, and as long as our public remains as contentedly indifferent about South America as it is today (and promises to remain for a long time to come), we shall have to let it go at that. We never moved a finger to help Bolívar alive, why should we bother about him dead?

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.
Old Greenwich, Conn.

SIR: In your issue of January 22, Mr. Guy Stanton Ford takes exception to my statement that Mr. van Loon's biography of Bolivar "makes up in readability for what it lacks in accuracy." Obviously, if this remark were used to cover up a series of gross errors, it could not be supported. Here, however, it merely points out that the inaccuracies are harmless enough to be compensated for by the interesting way in which the book is written. The virtue of the volume, as I see it, is that it will reach a much larger audience than the standard scholarly accounts of the subject, while its defects will not, in my opinion, do any appreciable harm.

Mr. Ford's fears about a flood of un-

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reliable books in the next few years may certainly be well founded. What he does not seem to comprehend is that far too large a number of the scarce "books of substantial scholarship" are so badly written that no one but the patient professor and the long suffering graduate student ever reads them. The public turns wearily from such dullness to the popular writers, who, if they are not always as accurate as might be desired, are generally able to write.

C. A. HUTCHINSON.

New York, N. Y.

English Colonial Policy

SIR: I am doubly indebted to Mr. G. O. Knowles. First, his was a nice letter and I'm glad he liked, for the most part, my review of Pearl Buck's book. Second, I am indebted to him for pointing out to me the constant necessity, difficult as it is, for being precise. I was not clear, and the fault was mine.

Criticism of English colonial policy was exactly what I did not mean. I agree entirely with Mr. Knowles that British colonial policy on the whole has been intelligent, humane, just, and wise. I also agree with him that there has been a lot of loose and ill-informed talk about India. What I was trying to say, and I wonder if Mr. Knowles read "The Promise," was that English surface manners, and surface manners are extraordinarily important, have been notoriously unfortunate toward all those not born on the British Isles, which includes British Colonials.

I do not think this is a good time to labor the point, and I think there is a new dispensation. I find the younger English moving among strangers with entire un-selfconsciousness and a blessed lack of criticism of ways not their own. And in my review I was careful to include Americans in my indictment. But like all earnest admirers of that great nation, the English, I have again and again seen them, blithely and obliviously, scattering the seeds of totally unnecessary hatred and future trouble. And I have again and again seen their long record of intelligence, humanity, justice, and fair play flung to the dogs because of this. It is just too bad, or rather, it has been just too bad, for, as I say, I think there is every evidence of a new dispensation and a new English tolerance.

But no one can outdo me in my fundamental admiration of England. I learned that admiration long ago when I was an undergraduate at Oxford. And time and events have only confirmed and strengthened it.

STRUTHERS BURT.

Southern Pines, N. C.

"Music on My Beat"

SIR: I have read the review of "Music on My Beat," by Howard Taubman, reviewed by Mr. Douglas Moore, and it seemed rather singular and somewhat surprising to me to note that Mr. Moore reviewed that book without saying anything whatsoever about the things that Mr. Taubman said with reference to Negroes and their music. For instance, he referred to the fact that William Grant Still's operas or his other works cannot be produced at the Metropolitan, even though the symphonic music by this noted composer may win world fame; and why great singers like Marian Anderson and Dorothy Maynard cannot hope to sing there, no matter what outstanding honors they win elsewhere.

I hope that Mr. Moore did not do this purposely, but that seems to me a part left out of the review that should have been there.

The Saturday Review of Literature has always striven to be fair in its reviews and in its articles treating on the Negro and his problems.

L. F. COLES.

New York, N. Y.

Cone of Silence

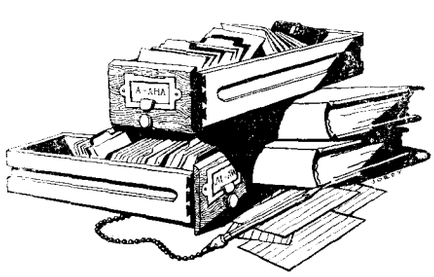
SIR: N. L. Rothman uses an erroneous analogy in analyzing A. Fleming MacLeish's book, "Cone of Silence." [*SRL*, Jan. 22.] The reviewer has conceived the "cone" as the center of a radio beam which directs all air travelers on their way and has used that idea in statements about the MacLeish book. The term "cone of silence" refers to a cone-shaped space (actually, an inverted cone) *directly* above a radio range station. Hence, instead of being a means of directing action, it would seem better to represent the end of action and its resting place. Possibly the reviewer had the homing phenomenon of a loop antenna in mind when he wrote the piece. However, this homing effect has never been called a "cone of silence" but rather an "aural null."

Whether this lack of technical accuracy changes the meaning of "Cone of Silence" for Mr. Rothman we cannot judge. Of the facts of range flying we are comparatively certain because among *SRL's* varied subscribers is this group of Instrument (Link) Trainer Instructors.

SGT. R. W. COOK
CPL. J. H. GENGE
SGT. R. E. SEABROOK
SGT. F. E. FORSYTHE
S/SGT. A. SMALL
CPL. M. PAULSEN
PFC. L. A. BACH
CPL. F. K. FOSTER
PFC. M. G. KANDL
CPL. J. M. MCCAULEY
PFC. D. A. LEWIS
CPL. I. MASIN
SGT. C. A. WEINTRAUB

"George M. Cohan"

SIR: Students of the drama must feel an indebtedness to you for publishing Manya Gordon's review of Ward Morehouse's book, "George M. Cohan, Prince of the American Theatre." Hers is a thorough commentary, impartial, stimulating, and informative.



Between the lines she has managed to indicate the whole history of the theatre. Then, by means of Cohan's sturdy accomplishments, she shows up the intellectual snobs and reveals the American playwright's place in the sun, a place next to a realistic dramatist, like Ibsen, and a pedagogical playwright, like Percy Mackaye.

BERNARD SOBEL.

New York, N. Y.

More on Poison Gas

SIR: It is with a feeling of intense relief, coupled with keen personal satisfaction, that I read your editorial, "The Poison Gas Boys" [January 22]. For almost a year, in fact ever since one of my students brought for discussion in connection with Santayana's essay, "On War," an editorial from *The New York Daily News*, I have been waiting agonizingly for a publication other than the opposition press, to repudiate such blatant misuse of freedom of speech.

The editorial from which you quote is but one of the mildest of a series on poison gas, not to omit reference to a horrible dissertation on the value of war entitled "War and Progress" (*N. Y. News*, May 16, 1943). The following excerpt illustrates the humanitarian trend of the *News* in regard to war: "Certainly war kills off the weaker, less alert men who go to war, so that by and large the strongest and smartest come home to start the crop of soldiers for the next war."

No greater responsibility can be accepted by the more reputable literary and critical journals than their continuance of the crusade you have so ably begun against such abuse of the power of the press.

It may be my much too sanguine hope that the pressure so exerted will set in motion a general purification of the disease-ridden occupants of the household of the press. The attempt, at least, merits full commendation.

ETHEL F. SOLOVAY.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: It has been many years since I wrote anything to an editor, except material for which I got paid. Many radio commentators and newspaper writers and editors have made me boiling hot under the collar, but I have not felt like writing to them and calling them names.

However, when I read your "Poison Gas" editorial in the last issue of *SRL*, I felt I should write and tell you that you have said about all of the things I have many times wanted to write to our Pattersons and McCormicks. I feel so keenly on this subject that I cannot tell you how much I feel your editorial will do in the fight we must win here at home. More honest editors must speak out plainly. Why they do not when the mass of the people feel as you do, is beyond me.

RUTHERFORD MONTGOMERY.

Los Gatos, Calif.

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Art Through the Centuries

THE STORY OF PAINTING, FROM CAVE PICTURES TO MODERN ART. By Thomas Craven. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1943. 344 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by SHELDON CHENEY

THOMAS CRAVEN'S new book, "The Story of Painting," is an excellent child's history of the painting art, or at least of that part of the art which has interested the author. The story is simply and interestingly told. The writing, as always with Craven, is spirited.

True to the pattern set in the author's earlier surveys, this one approaches art as important almost exclusively for its subject or meaning values. Pictures are appraised as convincing realism. There is, however, more of biography than of art, with emphasis upon the picturesque and sometimes revealing details of the painters' lives. There is practically no pause for analysis of the changing esthetics of painting through the ages; and the author shows no comprehension of the values gained out of formal organization (an element so important to students of modern art) in the processes of expression. This lack makes the book less satisfying than it might be for the adult reader.

There is no mention, in the publisher's advertising or in the book, that the text is addressed to the child mind. Coming to the reading without warning of the special purpose, one is surprised at first to find the once boisterous and profane Mr. Craven writing simply and temperately, in a considered and precise style. He explains patiently (and lucidly) the hard words and terms. He avoids the word or fact that might offend. There appear, too, all those phrases considered necessary for the holding of juvenile attention: "Most wonderful of all!" and "Let us try to imagine," and "Let us pause a moment to review the situation."

The story begins with a clear account of the arts of the men of the Old Stone Age. A chapter entitled "Ancient Art" is one of the shortest in the book, telling exactly nothing of the art in Egypt and Babylonia. There is description of neither Greek nor Roman painting. Byzantine art is dismissed as flat and unreal. The gorgeous Sienese contribution is set aside in a nine-line reference. In other words, the story skips from the Stone Age to Florence and Giotto. From there on it flows smoothly, with few notable omissions, through the usual chapters, to painting in nineteenth-century France. The great masters, especially Giotto, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Rubens, and Rembrandt, claim extensive and exclusive chapters. Here the biographical presentation is in general excellent: vivid, warm with human interest, marked with frequent summings-up in the perfect phrase.

There are in the book two major omissions. The author nowhere mentions that one-half of the story of the painting art belongs to the Orient. The reader is left with the impression that the European and American product constitutes the world's entire achievement. The second omission is that of every modern American artist except the six or eight members of the limited group known as "the American-Scene School." To the bulk of creative American painters this will seem hardly less than tragic.

Modern American art is, of course, the most controversial ground covered in any survey. But it seems incomprehensible that a critic of standing would give ten pages to "The New American School" and devote those pages to a pet group, the American-Scene men—Benton, Curry, Wood, Marsh, and Burchfield—and to the German-American Grosz, while not finding space to name those painters generally considered, if not more creative than, at least equal to, the picturesque regionalists.

For instance John Marin, widely thought of as hardly less than an old master, goes unmentioned. There is a blanket condemnation of "The French Influence," and silence about all those artists who served to bring something of the university of modern art to the treatment of American themes.

—*From the book*
Self portrait as a child, by Dürer.

Doubtless lists of the "best ten" American painters would vary widely, according to the taste and knowledge of the compilers. It is difficult to believe, however, that any unprejudiced observer could omit *all* of these creative figures: Max Weber and Henry Mattson, Maurice Sterne and Walt Kuhn, John Carroll and William Gropper, Morris Kantor and Georgia O'Keeffe, Kuniyoshi and Rockwell Kent. It would be understandable if any critic omitted half or two-thirds of these representative but varied leaders. Not one is named in "The Story of Painting." As if to add insult to injury, a full plate page is given to two superficial works by Benton, both far from his best creations, and a full page to a topical and extreme drawing by Grosz. Both artists should be represented in any survey, of course, but by works that would stand comparison with the historically proven pictures of earlier chapters.

Obviously Craven has in this American chapter paid off his friends. Some of the greatest painters among us are certain to feel resentment at such favoritism in high places.

Thomas Craven used to be known as the most capricious and extreme of writers on art. In this book, for nine-tenths of the way, he seemed to have performed the miracle of turning temperate, even kind-spoken. From the reading, until the sections on modern art were reached, a reviewer could report that the bad boy of criticism, who so long delighted to use bad words, had grown up. Of that obsession with the carnal side of life, of the relish for detailing visits to prostitutes and sexual *diablerie,* which so marred his book "Modern Art," there is scarcely a trace here. There is occasional reversion to the old vocabulary: the inevitable "guts," and "howled" or "bellowed" or "bawled" where a quieter word would do. The masculine Mr. Craven certainly helped to rescue art from the realm of la-di-da and hush-hush into which it sometimes had slipped. But does he gain, for the he-men of art, by his statement that a certain mural was "a well-aimed kick in the backside of those ladylike decorators who . . . had been soiling clean, honest walls with their nude claptrap and silly goddesses"? This is, one hastens to add, one of the few examples of the sort in "The Story of Painting." There are, unfortunately, many cases of rash over-statement.

The illustrations are about what one expects in wartime, and perhaps a shade better than that: a good compromise set. The twelve large color plates range from excellent to atrocious. The eighty black-and-white halftones are handsomely reproduced.

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

◆◆ In Hollywood, Carl Sandburg was shown the wonders of the MGM lot and met the most glamorous stars without uttering a syllable. The guide, in desperation, led him to the dressing room of a freakish show girl and said, "Just think, Mr. Sandburg. This girl is six foot two!" Sandburg spoke at last. "Lincoln," he said, "was six foot three and a half."

◆◆ In New York, the Theatre Guild received a cable from Bernard Shaw reading "The answer is no, absolutely no." Nobody at the Guild has addressed an inquiry of any kind to Mr. Shaw since Spring, 1940.

◆◆ In San Francisco, George Jessel predicted that the Army would soon get him. "I might as well face it," he announced. "My wife was born after Pearl Harbor."

◆◆ In Chicago, Arthur Meeker, Jr., announced that his next novel would be called "The Far Away Music" and would be laid in "the simple little Greek revival town that was the Chicago of the eighteen fifties." Meeker's last book, "The Ivory Mischief," was chosen by the BOMC.

◆◆ In Camden, RCA Victor completed an album of recordings from Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," narrated by Ralph Bellamy. A few blocks from the plant in which the records were made stands the Delaware ferry slip. Here Whitman himself once strolled every afternoon, to board the ferry for a pleasant and aimless ride, and a chat with the old captain.

◆◆ In New York, Herbert Mayes announced plans for a Mystery Cook Book. Every recipe will have one important ingredient missing.

◆◆ In the European area, relays Herbert Matthews, ingenious soldiers have perfected a new technique. They give a girl a single silk stocking, wait to see how much she wants the other one.

◆◆ In *Notes and Queries* Magazine, it is stated authoritatively that the word "whodunit" was coined by Donald Gordon in the *American News of Books* for July, 1930; that "café society" was so named by the late Maury Paul ("Cholly Knickerbocker"), longtime Park Avenue gossip of the Hearst chain.

◆◆ In London, a swishy editor appeared with a multitude of campaign ribbons on his tunic. "When the war is over," meowed a rival newshawk, "he can wear them in his hair."

◆◆ In Elmira, H. K. Arthur persuaded a modest lady author to visit a nudist colony, assured her there was a story to be written about its survival. A member, noticing that she was fully dressed, inquired "Are you one of us?" "Oh, no," the novelist assured her. "I'm only aghast."

◆◆ In Weymouth, England, the local bookseller qualified for *The New Yorker's* "Words of One Syllable Department" with the following report to London: "I phoned for the Fire Squad and they were here in three minutes. They did a wonderful job. The first and second floors are gutted, and the shop is a shambles."

◆◆ In Minneapolis, a proud native daughter compiled a list of up-and-coming Minnesota products who are sparking current publishing endeavors: Nan Taylor at the Council; May Falk and Lucille Ritvo at Spier and Sussman; Beth Singer at Crowell; Margaret McQuarry at McGraw-Hill; Dorothy Bennett at Simon and Schuster; Frank Taylor and Celia Sevareid at Reynal and Hitchcock. Credit the influence of Sinclair Lewis, the sage of Sauk Center, Minn., and the unfailing friend of every kid from those parts with literary inclinations. . . .

JOHN WILLIAM ROGERS, the handsome book editor of *The Dallas Times-Herald,* has been prowling the byways of Publishers' Row to make sure that Texas's mighty literary renaissance has not been overlooked. John, last seen in these parts when he was in on the original launching of the Literary Guild, is armed with statistics that reveal the startling fact that the Cokesbury Bookstore of Dallas sells more books in a year than any other single store in the entire country devoted exclusively to the merchandising of books. He also points with pride to Joe Rector, the Lone Star State's gift to Grosset & Dunlap, or vice versa, who sold 5,000 copies of the reprint edition of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" in Texas before Ingrid Bergman had time to crawl out of her sleeping bag, and to Stanley Marcus, high-flying impresario whose doggy Neiman-Marcus outfit cleaned out three entire editions of George Perry's "Texas, a World in Itself" and Siddie Johnson's "Texas, the Land of the Tejas." . . . John's topic of conversation remained deep in the mart of Texas until just a moment before he left to keep a dinner date with Anne Parrish. Then he told me how she happened to christen her Connecticut estate "Quantness." She bought the place from Albert Boni, who had named it "Boni Brooks." When Albert's wife wrote Miss Parrish about it she said "You will find the whole estate full of quantness." Miss Parrish looked no further for a new name. The post office address is Peaceable Street, Georgetown. . . .

I HEARD MORE about the sovereign state of Texas that very evening. A Waco major who had co-piloted a B-26 allowed that the war would last another five years: "One to lick the Nazis, another to take the Nips, and three more to get the Yankees out of Texas!" . . . A fellow officer declared "The only things these boys are interested in are Death and Texas. Whenever a juke box plays 'There's a Bit of Texas in My Walk' they stand at attention." When I got home, I found that Boyce House had sent me a copy of his new book, "I Give You Texas," published by the Naylor Company in San Antone, and everything began to be clear. . . . There's no need, says Boyce, to ask a man what state he's from. If he's from Texas, he'll tell you himself; if he's not, why embarrass him? The state is so big that El Paso natives refer to citizens of Texarkana as "effete Easterners" and Brownsville folk regard Dallasites as "Northern white trash." Roads leading South bear signs marked "This way to Texas." Those who can read keep on going; the others settle in Arkansas. They're the kind who think the Alamo is pie with ice-cream. . . . Even Texas sandstorms, continues Boyce, are something special. A farmer went to town to borrow money on his farm. The banker said, "I'll have to ride out and look over your place." "That won't be necessary," said the farmer. "Here comes the place now!" On his way out, the farmer's hat blew off. He just reached up into the air and pulled down another one. . . .

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"What was his book about?"
"Me!"

A TEXAS RANCHER shot a man dead and telegraphed a slick lawyer in Fort Worth, three hundred miles away, offering a $5,000 fee. The attorney wired back "Leaving for your town on next train, bringing three eye-witnesses." . . . Four men, one of them minus an eye, were playing poker in a West Texas saloon. Suddenly one of them yanked out a gat and intoned, "I ain't callin' no names, but the next rat I see dealin' from the bottom of the deck, I'm gonna shoot his other eye out!" . . . Sam Houston is the hero of a thousand Texas anecdotes. At a big outdoor dinner in his honor, somebody handed him a plate of sizzling hot rice pudding. In the midst of an oration, Houston lifted a huge spoonful to his mouth, let out a roar, and then spat the rice to the ground. "You see, folks," he explained. "Many a durn fool woulda swallowed that!" . . . The courthouse at Stephenville has a large clock that is the pride of the town. It is illuminated at night. One citizen staggered up to a mail box, dropped a penny in the slot, glanced at the clock, and exclaimed, "Jehosophat, I'm nine pounds overweight." . . . Well, folks, that's enough about Texas to satisfy even John Rogers for a while. . . .

THE WORLD OF BOOKS was saddened by the almost simultaneous death of three of its old stalwarts: William Allen White, Charles Erskine Scott Wood, and Arthur Brentano. . . . White and Wood were always in the vanguard in the fight for democratic principles and the "four freedoms." . . . White's passing leaves the Book-of-the-Month Club with only three of its original five judges: Dorothy Canfield, Henry Canby, and Chris Morley (Heywood Broun was the other one). . . . Wood is survived by his charming poetess-wife, Sara Bard Field, who nursed him unfailingly through his long illness. . . . The first time I visited the Woods in Los Gatos, I found the old Colonel with a towel wrapped around his head, beating a tin basin, and howling like a coyote. He yelled to me over his shoulder that a swarm of bees had gotten loose. (George Kaufman's comment was, "I bet you always thought it was an accident!") The Colonel rounded up the bees while I broke all existing records for the hundred yard dash to the manor house. . . . Arthur Brentano was associated with the store that bore his name for over seventy years. At the age of eighty-five he knew more about the books in stock than all of the young sprouts who worked for him put together. . . .

EDMUND WILSON really hit his stride as book editor of *The New Yorker* with his gusty and masterful report on the new Gene Fowler best-seller, "Good Night, Sweet Prince." : . . Douglas M. Black is the new first vice-president of Doubleday, Doran. . . . Roger Scaife is now Director of the Harvard University Press. . . . Donald Klopfer has been promoted to major. He is abroad with the Eighth Air Force. . . . Henry Mencken is preparing a monumental supplement to "The American Language." . . . Louis Bromfield's new novel is called "What Became of Anna Bolton?" It's a Harper highlight for March. . . . Carl Austrian, an attorney who numbers many authors among his clients, is in Ankara on a government mission. He has just cabled home, "For heaven's sake, rush me a dozen Turkish towels." BENNETT CERF.

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WRITE TODAY for full information, contest rules, entry forms. Address: DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., 14 West 49th St., New York 20, N. Y.

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Mecca for the Dispossessed

THEY CAME TO LONDON. By Paul Tabori. New York: The Macmillan Co. 365 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by
CAPT. C. BROOKS PETERS, USMC

AT H Hour of D Day the invincible force which will crush the power of the Axis in Europe will land along that continent's fringe. In what should be the most powerful amphibious force ever assembled for a military operation will be men from all of the nations, small and large, which have been conquered by the Nazis and their satellites.

Fighting against a common foe, side by side with their American and British allies, will be refugees from every ravaged and exploited country in Europe. By one or another arduous route each will have fled from his own land in order to live and contribute a mite towards the destruction of the evil which descended upon them all.

The Mecca for all of these refugees is London. To each of them London is the capital, and symbol, of successful resistance to the scourge which dislocated and destroyed their lives and countries. Each of these refugees knew that if once he could arrive in London he could band together with compatriots and allies and help prepare the liberation of all Europe.

Mr. Paul Tabori, a Hungarian author, economist, and journalist, and since 1937 a resident of London, has gathered the experiences of large numbers of these refugees and allowed them to pass through the keen but sensitive and sympathetic facets of his cosmopolitan mind. The products of the distillation process are twelve fictional characters through whose eyes all of subjugated Europe is disclosed to us with the encompassing force of literary truth.

Of his method, in an introductory note, Mr. Tabori says:

> All the characters in this book are fictitious, but their stories are based on facts. I have attempted to tell something of the spirit that animates those men of many nations who have come to London to fight the Axis, and I have made use of actual settings and situations. The book begins and ends with the much-discussed Second Front, but it offers no military forecast nor political prophecy. The streets of The plan of Mr. Tabori's book is

Paul Tabori

London echo to the tread of countless such men as are depicted here. To them, London is the only beacon of freedom in a nightmare world: it is the magnet that has drawn them from Hitler's Hell.

novel and highly effective. His first chapter depicts the capitals of Europe on the morn of, and just prior to, the long awaited invasion which is to liberate them all.

In the introductory paragraphs of each of the next eleven chapters Mr. Tabori depicts the silent musings of twelve refugees, each from a different nation, in the moments immediately prior to the beginning of the invasion in which each, according to his abilities, is participating. These reveries serve as preambles to the stories of what brought each to London.

There are the Frenchman, Jean Plantin, son of a general who becomes a collaborationist following the capitulation of France, and himself a professional soldier; Jens Torgensen, a Norwegian mariner; Kuo Hsi, a Chinese scholar; Giorgio Tarleno, an Italian physician who fled home and family to fight fascism in Spain and later with the French Foreign Legion; Frantisek Vojta, a Czeck engineer, and his friend Kazimier Bronski, a Pole; Father Christos, a pious and lovable Greek; Jurgen von Hoyst, a German refugee from the terror which descended upon his own land and destroyed him, his family, and hundreds of thousands like him; Peter Thorvald Maagelund, a Danish manufacturer; Hendrik Mesdag, a Dutch publisher; Mirko Destrovich, a young Serb with a soul imbued with poetry, and Earl Rogers, American radio commentator.

Carefully, accurately, but unobtrusively woven into the narratives are salient bits of the political history since the war began of the homelands of each of the refugees. The reader experiences the horror of the last years in the occupied countries through the effects of its impact on individuals similar in most respects to persons of his own acquaintance.

The cultivated Mr. Tabori knows the countries and peoples about whom he writes. An infrequent solecism in the text but emphasizes the author's command of the English language while in no fashion detracting from the awful force of the tale he relates.

Mr. Tabori recounts through his twelve characters the history of this war in the West. It is terrible in its truth because it is the history of those who have suffered its full impact. It is the story of the people of each of the ravaged countries of Europe. As such it is the history of all of those countries, including Germany.

Mr. Tabori has written a powerful volume which better depicts Europe under the scourge of Nazism than half a dozen "factual" books by foreign correspondents and other "experts." It deserves a wide circulation.

Who is SCREWTAPE?

Monologue

By Charmian Lynn Montross

SPEAK once again. No matter what you say,
If I may sit a little longer here,
And watch with my heart's eye the curious way
The firelight wavers on your face—as clear
And bony as the face of any Scot—,
And moves like shadows in the evening sun.
I wonder what unknown thing could have taught
The fire to draw a map of Scotland there.
Anonymous as God, the gentle one
Whose fingers pull the firelight through your hair.
For when you speak I hear the wind that blows
Across the moors, and I no longer care
What words you say—I have no other choice
Except to listen to a man who grows
The thistle and the heather in his voice.

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On Little Jo's town it isn't too tough for a man whose only crime is murder...

JO AND HIS FOLKS live in a village at the end of an unspeakable road whose mischievous mud insures their privacy. And in this tiny corner of our land the worst punishments are reserved for those who cease to love their people. It is believed that God will arrange for such a sinner to come to grief. He may turn color, or one of his legs may become shorter than the other, or he may slip and fall and break his neck.

Therefore, only a very few, to whom wealth has brought a degree of pollution from the outside world, feel unsympathetic to Jo because of his father, Eloy, whose only crime was murder . . .

These few include Jo's Aunt Luz and Uncle Julian and Cousin Vidal, who works for Rafael, the storekeeper. But ever Rafael—who, like his father and grandfather before him, keeps all the villagers in debt to him (with their permission, of course . . .)—even Rafael cannot deny that there is nobody like Jo. He is welcome and appreciated, and becomes more and more popular as he grows up, falls in love, gets into trouble, and learns to play the guitar and sing with his whole being, causing everybody else to be happy and dance like mad.

Later in the story—on his wedding night, in fact—little Jo faces his cousin Vidal and feels the fury that entered Eloy's heart possess his own. Why Jo should be carrying a shovel at that time, and why the violence that then happened should puzzle the police, infuriate Aunt Luz, amuse old Cornelio, and cause Rafael to weep, not for Vidal or Jo or Luz but for himself . . . here are causes and effects that are exciting and rewarding to search out in this strong and moving and hilarious novel.

* * *

Robert Bright, its talented young author, has lived in the neighborhood of Jo and his people. He has caught the dignity, simplicity, and rhythm of their lives in their own beautiful and rich, yet forthright idiom. He takes you into the hearts and homes of a little group of Americans with a big contribution for all America—the conviction that no man can be unhappy who loves his fellow human men. He has written a novel which, like *Tortilla Flat* is warmly hospitable to anyone with tolerance, sympathy, curosity, and a sense of humor.

Is it any wonder that after reading THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LITTLE JO people talk and even become garrulous?

the life and death of Little Jo

a novel by ROBERT BRIGHT

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Swedish Literature in Wartime

Writers Are Not Bowing to the Nazi Colossus

GEORG SVENSSON

THE meeting of the Pen Club's seventeenth general congress was to have been held in Stockholm in September, 1939. Many distinguished authors, among them Thomas Mann and H. G. Wells, had already arrived in the Swedish capital for the occasion when war broke out in Europe and the meeting was postponed.

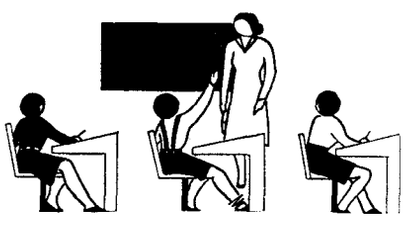
Since then, Sweden has become more and more cut off from the outside world, and, particularly, the Western countries. Our country has, nevertheless, remained a home for culture and the arts and one of the few preserves in the world where literature can still flourish in comparatively unbounded freedom.

Lyric poetry has always been the best means of expression for the Swedish character. Unfortunately, owing to difficulties of translation, it is the form least accessible to foreigners. The dangers which have threatened Sweden's independence during the war have created a stronger patriotic fervor in Swedish lyric poetry. The latest works of Gunnar Mascoll Silfverstolpe, Sten Selander, and Anders Osterling describe the Swedish countryside, the authors' communion with Swedish cultural tradition, and their pride at living in a free Sweden, and are not mere expressions of a superficial and empty patriotism. It is also significant that an introspective writer like Pär Lagerkvist, accustomed to take the whole universe for his province, has found inspiration for his latest collection of poems, "Song and Battle," in his native Swedish soil. The first Russo-Finnish war, followed by the German occupation of Denmark and Norway, inspired an outburst of Nordic sentiment in Swedish lyric poetry, which is expressed in the works of the poets mentioned above and by Hjalmar Gullberg, Karl Asplund, and Karl Ragnar Gierow, to name only a few.

Swedish lyric poetry has not, however, been bound by any kind of Nordic isolationism. Its sombre and tragic tone springs first and foremost from a consciousness of the catastrophe which has overtaken Western civilization. This undercurrent of pessimism is blended with a confession of the broad ideals of liberty in "Ancient Gods," a collection of poems by the ever vital Bo Bergman, a member of the Swedish Academy, and gives an apocalyptic light both to Johannes Edfelt's striking and strictly classic poems in "The Winter Is Long" and "Song for Travelling Companions," and to Bertil Malmberg's desolate spiritual landscapes in "Flutes in the Wilderness."

There is, however, another school of Swedish poetry which, although naturally not unaffected by events in the outside world, has pursued on a deeper plane its struggles for a new form of artistic expression. Artur Lundkvist, who has described poetry as an intellectual adventure and as a means to a profounder life, is one of the leaders of this movement, which is influenced by modern English and American poetry and especially by T. S. Eliot and Carl Sandburg. Gunnar Ekelöf is another.

IF one turns to the art of story telling, a similar development is to be observed. Our Swedish authors, without any noteworthy exceptions, have a democratic view of life. Their sound desire to be critical, which formerly served to correct social injustices, has, however, been moderated by the realization that the democratic form of life itself is at stake: the right of an author to think and write as he pleases. This new "war aim" is to be seen most strikingly in such books as Eyvind Johnson's great political novel, "The Krilon Group," which is modelled on impressions from Thomas Mann and James Joyce; in that extraordinarily expressive writer Harry Martinson's little book on the Russo-Finnish war of 1939-40, "Reality unto Death," and in Vilhelm Moberg's stunning novel of seventeenth-century peasant life, "Ride To-night," which shows, in a fashion easily applicable to present-day conditions, what happens when men are faced with the alternative of living under a foreign yoke or dying for freedom. The fact that a book with so little attempt at popular appeal has proved the greatest best-seller Sweden has had for many years is an indication of the current mood of the Swedish people. "Ride To-night" will appear in English translation this spring under the imprint of Doubleday, Doran & Company.



Moberg chooses a cameo from the past to illustrate his thesis. Karin Boye plunges into the future and paints, in "Kallocain," a horrible picture of a world in which individuals have long since become soulless cogs in an ice-cold and perfectly functioning mechanical state. "Kallocain" is a book which in point of logic and bizarre fantasy leads one to think of Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World" or Karel Capek's "War with the Newts." Karin Boye is not alone in using allegories and prophecies to illustrate problems of present-day importance. The same practice has been successfully adopted in a few novels by Thora Dahl, and by Olel Hedberg in his "Out with the Blondes."

Alongside these topical themes, Swedish prose continues to follow the paths which characterized its development during the thirties. The novel of bourgeois life, with its socially critical tendencies embedded in pitiless psychological studies of the individual, has a brilliant exponent in the above-mentioned Olle Hedberg, who has managed to complete two of his best works, "Josephine: or Say It With Flowers" and "What Is the Toy-Chest Sighing?" during these past few years. Harald Beijer, who in "Joos Riesler" gave us a fascinating description of a dictator's rise and fall, has begun a new series of novels with two books, "Brita in the Department Store" and "Brita Gets Married," which will give a cross-section of the Swedish community seen from the standpoint of class differences.

Among more recent novels should be mentioned Gustaf Hellström's "Love and Politics," in which this brilliant author continues his semi-biographical account of the adventures of young "Stellan Petreus" in London, and Marika Stjernstedt's timely "Assassination in Paris." Victor Vinde, one of the five Swedish newspapermen who visited the United States in 1942, has collected his reminiscences in a book called, "America Strikes." Another recent visitor to the United States, Prof. Gunnar Myrdal, has written an interpretation of America today in a volume with the title, "America in the Center of the World." A charming and readable collection of memoirs is that of Prince Eugen, a brother of King Gustaf, and regarded as Sweden's foremost landscape painter. Prince Wilhelm, youngest son of the King, who is a celebrated poet and essayist, has given a series of inspired descriptions of Swedish nature in "A Free Country."

Marika Stiernstedt's "You Never Forget" and Fritz Thorén's "I Am Fire and Air"—of which the latter has proved particularly suitable for trans-

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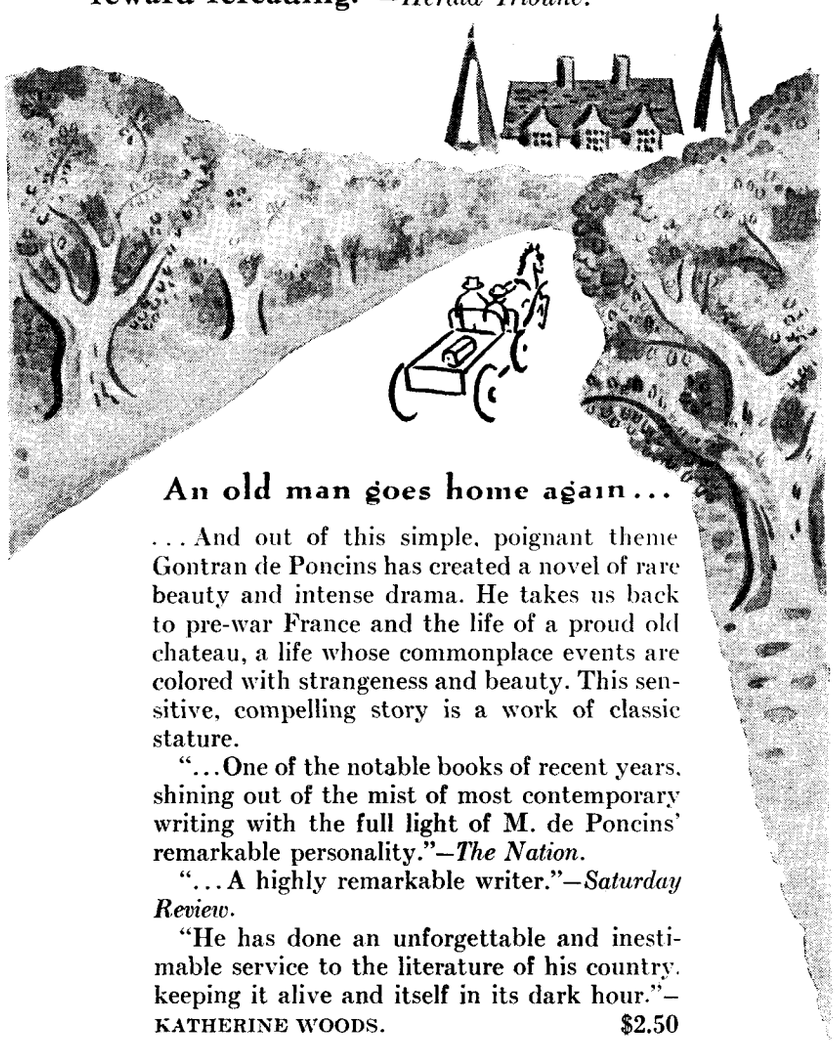
lation, thanks to the briskness of its action—are novels of bourgeois life written in the traditional manner with emphasis laid on the psychological. Life in the rural districts of Sweden—a reality for so many Swedes—has found some of its most faithful interpreters in Ivar Lo-Johansson, Moa Martinson, and Irja Browallius. The first of these has given shape and substance to the existence of the peasants close to the soil in his powerful novel, "Only a Mother," and in a collection of short stories, "Proletariat of the Soil," both of which show a wealth of detail often compared with that of Zola, but frequently illuminated by flashes of pure poetry.

The great names in Swedish playwriting after Strindberg are easy to count. Among contemporary dramatists, only Pär Lagerkvist has any claim to fame. His drama of the times we live in, "Victory in the Dark," can be compared, both in point of purpose and design, with the works of Maxwell Anderson. It seems, however, as though the Swedish drama were approaching a period of greater activity. Karl Ragnar Gierow's "The Werewolf," a mediaeval drama in the Shakesperean style, scored a considerable success. Sven Stolpe's historical piece, "Döbeln," also showed great promise.

In the field of historical literature and essay writing, there are a few works which stand out by reason of their unusual stature. We have, for example, Professor Nils Ahnlund's biography of "Axel Oxenstierna," Chancellor to the great Gustavus Adolphus, and Professor Martin Lamm's life of "August Stringberg," both to be contained in a second volume. We have, too, Professor Fredrik Böök's entrancing sketch of the life of "Hans Christian Andersen," and Professor Herbert Tingsten's exposition of "The Development of Swedish Social Democratic Ideology."

A large number of books on topical political subjects have also been produced by Swedish authors: sketches of England at war by Maj Lorents, K. G. Bolander, and Alva Myrdal; Victor Vinde's eye-witness account of the collapse of France, "The Fall of a Great Power"; "Contact with America," written by Alva Myrdal and her husband, Professor Gunnar Myrdal; Anton Karlgren's biography of Stalin, and many others. But the most precious treasures we have had bebequeathed to us in recent times, outside of real *belles lettres*, are Verner von Heidenstam's posthumous memoirs, "When the Chestnuts Bloom," and "Thought and Design," a collection of aphorisms in which the aging poet gives classically profound expression to his philosophy of life.

The author of KABLOONA has written a first novel "to linger in one's memory and to reward rereading." —*Herald Tribune.*



An old man goes home again . . .

. . . And out of this simple, poignant theme Gontran de Poncins has created a novel of rare beauty and intense drama. He takes us back to pre-war France and the life of a proud old chateau, a life whose commonplace events are colored with strangeness and beauty. This sensitive, compelling story is a work of classic stature.

". . . One of the notable books of recent years, shining out of the mist of most contemporary writing with the full light of M. de Poncins' remarkable personality."—*The Nation.*

". . . A highly remarkable writer."—*Saturday Review.*

"He has done an unforgettable and inestimable service to the literature of his country, keeping it alive and itself in its dark hour."—KATHERINE WOODS. $2.50

Gontran de Poncins'

HOME IS THE HUNTER

Reynal & Hitchcock, New York

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Belgium's Obedient Resistance

BELGIUM IN BONDAGE. By Jan-Albert Goris. New York: L. B. Fischer Publishing Co. 1944. 259 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT GOFFIN

THE author of this book is one of the most distinguished Flemish writers of Belgium. Professor in the Catholic University of Louvain, historian, authority on Flemish art, which he taught at the National Institute of Fine Arts in Antwerp, a modern poet of great spontaneity, he published—under the pseudonym of Marnix Gysen—a remarkable anthology of Flemish lyric literature constituting a breviary of the most moving poems of Guido Gezelle, Karel Vande Woestyne, and August Van Cauwelaert. He now presents a poignant book, devoted to the defense and explanation of his country which has been occupied for the second time in twenty-five years. It is undoubtedly the best summary available of information calculated to destroy the illusory misunderstandings which unfortunately have sprung up between Belgians and Americans.

Doctor Goris's prose has nothing of the pundit or the professor about it. He avoids the tone of the generally dull patriotic manifestos born of the war and full of good intentions, and with tact and care tells a thousand and one stories, some amusing, some sad, some humorus, some scientific, some religious. His fascinating material reveals the heroic and enthusiastic part that Belgium has taken in the inter-allied effort, the strength of resistance of the Flemish people whom the Germans would have liked to subjugate by opposing them to the Walloons. Mr. Goris has written a very human book from which Americans can learn of the anti-Nazis effort of a small country which was, for a moment, the universal conscience of all peoples.

In it is to be found information on the underground, the lawsuits of the saboteurs, the patriotism of the farmers, the methods invented by the Nazis to steal and loot; in short all about the conditions of the occupation. It presents also a parade of Belgian personalities, rapidly sketched but so vivid that they all go on living intensely in our memory; civil servants, the Mayor of Brussels who, according to the Hon. Mayor LaGuardia, has established a new code of honor for the mayors of the world; the priests, many of whom were executed, the industrialists who refused to supply the enemy, the judges who went on strike, the policemen who helped the saboteurs, in short all those who belonged to the anti-Hitler movement. An entire chapter is devoted to the intellectual, artistic, and university life in Belgium under the occupation; and the author has even had the courage to riddle, with his pointed and polished shafts, the lucubrations of an American geo-politician and the plan of Mr. Culbertson.

"Belgium in Bondage" has a double interest: not only can the American reader find out what he wants to know about Belgium but he will also find interesting opinions and reactions of a European refugee on America.

What is SCREWTAPE?

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 515)

M. VAN DOREN:

LIBERAL EDUCATION

All educators are well-intentioned, but few of them reflect upon their intentions. . . . There are plans galore, but for instruction rather than education. . . . So much knowledge "about one thing or another," and never the tincture of wisdom.

FREDERICK HILL MESERVE
CARL SANDBURG

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The Overland Trail

THE WAKE OF THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER. By Irene D. Paden. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 514 *pp. and index.* $3.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

HERE is a prize not only for the student of Western history but for the general reader who would travel the old trails of brave adventuring in company with the men, women, and children faring overland by covered wagon across plains and mountains to Oregon and California.

Mrs. Paden reopens the Overland Trail of the Forties and Fifties for the reader in this book of happy title, which is not a guide book but a chronicle of fact attested to by the people whom she summons back to live their experiences again. In preparing it, she has had recourse to a prodigious mass of Overland Trail narratives contemporaneous with the times, and applying to every mile of the way. They are so many, and so well disgested by her, that, as she says in her Introduction, she could substantiate every statement made in them "by quoting anywhere from one to a hundred authorities—many of them eyewitnesses."

She bases her travelogue, as she terms it, upon a continuity formed from nine long exploring trips and several short ones across country, with her husband, Dr. William G. Paden, a trail remapping enthusiast, and son Bill, who in due course grew from a small boy to a college junior.

The start, by automobile, of the book party is made at Independence, Missouri, where on the Missouri River border the overland wagon trains organized and outfitted and took to the Westward trail. Thenceforth the party of four devoted themselves to resurrecting the old itinerary, the landmarks, the place names, the relics—verifying all by references in the documents of the day.

In her story within a story, her story of the party's cross-country experiences and her story of the other experiences that throng the old trail, Mrs. Paden has done extremely well. There is no sense of discursiveness; one incident, of past or present, flows into another, the transition requires no effort of the reader's imagination, the story evolves as a whole. And as a marvel of research, submitted for information and entertainment, it offers a treasure-trove to the fiction writer of historical romance. The Bibliography seems to cover the history of the Western overland movement.

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HARPER

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Blueprint for Post-War Days

THE DANUBE BASIN AND THE GERMAN ECONOMIC SPHERE. By Antonín Basch. New York: Columbia University Press. 1943. *Bibliography, index.* 275 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

THE Danube Basin is not the least of the many tough chores facing the United Nations. Right now, it is first and foremost a military job: the Russians pressing toward the Dneister and the British and Americans poised on the Adriatic, have got the Basin in the beginning of a grand pincers. Once the Nazis are chased out of the valley where the traditional *Drang nach Osten* begins, the United Nations will have an equally serious task: they will have to decide how to insulate Europe's Balkan tinderbox, how to stabilize the aspirations of Slav, Teuton, Magyar, *et al* in an area that has known little rest since it lay on ancient Rome's frontier.

In his learned study of the problem, Dr. Basch gingerly skirts Allied power politics involved in the Basin. He sticks to economics. He seems to assume that both Russians and Anglo-Americans will want to tear down the German *Lebensraum* superstructure and build up from the local Danubian base. There are more Danubians, as a matter of fact, than Germans. Their resources compare favorably with the Reich's. But before they can weld their numbers and natural bounties into a bulwark against their powerful northern neighbors, they need a generous helping hand.

Dr. Basch, now on Columbia University's faculty, writes not only as a student of Central and Southeast European affairs, but as an international-minded business man. In his Czech homeland he was a government economist, banker, corporation director. He begins his study in pre-World War I days, on the eve of the break-up of the Dual Monarchy. With a formidable array of statistics he makes a not unfamiliar point: that imperial Germany, Austria, and Hungary dominated the economic life of the Danube Basin. Then he steps into the brave new world after 1918, when the liberated Danubians "harbored great hopes for a strong and prosperous economic development."

The hopefuls made progress. They reconstructed, seemed on the path to an orderly workaday existence. But it was largely "borrowed prosperity." When rival protectionist systems log-jammed, when top-heavy foreign debts toppled, when the venerable *Wiener Credit-Anstalt* failed in the early thirties, the whole world could see how flimsy a thing was Danubian prosperity. Britain and France, despite their Little Entente godchild, gave no effective aid; perhaps they were too busy lifting their own economies from depression's slough. The new National Socialist Germany saw an opportunity.

Dr. Basch's analysis of the Nazi economic drive into the Danube Basin is forceful. The strategy was to harness the Basin's economy to the German war machine. The tactics were willingness to buy all Danubian surpluses, a clever juggling of the *Reichsmark,* Schacht visits, political threats, finally military annexation. After Austria and Czechoslovakia fell, German domination of the Basin was assured. Soon the Danubians found that the German solution to their problem substituted not economic security but economic servitude for the economic independence they had won in 1918.

When the time comes to try again, Dr. Basch hopes for some long-range planning to revive the Danube Basin. Feudal vestiges, like the great Magyar estates, must go. Education must be wider. There might be coöperatives on the Scandinavian model. The region must have more "political confidence," less "exaggerated economic nationalism." It must gets markets and capital, for the solution lies in the integration of its economy with the European and the world economy.

Though Dr. Basch's study is timely, it is not written for the layman. His prose is pedantic, dull, cramped by charts, clearing payments, export, and import tables, etc. Not one human being appears in the book; the reader must imagine the Danubians behind the statistical barricades. But this documentation is solid blueprinting.

American girl–
Swiss jeweler–
French mountaineer–
who was the villain
in the blacked-out
train compartment?

Avalanche

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FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 34

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 34 *will be found in the next issue.*

ABCDFBG HJ KLA MFNFGHJA PQ HBGHRHGSFDHKT, AVVABKNHVHKT, LANAJT, FBPYFDHAJ, LPWWHAJ, FBG LSYPSNJ. — JPDHDPZSHAJ HB ABCDFBG.

—C. JFBKFTFBF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 33

WHEN DESCENDS ON THE ATLANTIC THE GIGANTIC STORM-WIND OF THE EQUINOX, LANDWARD IN HIS WRATH HE SCOURGES THE TOILING SURGES, LADEN WITH SEA-WEED FROM THE ROCKS.

—LONGFELLOW

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Father Feeney

THE LEONARD FEENEY OMNIBUS. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1943. 399 *pp.* $3.

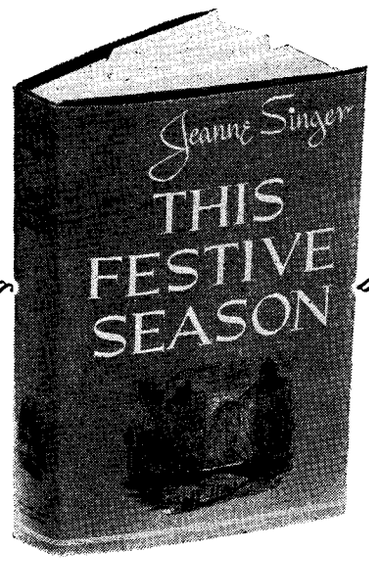
Reviewed by ROBERT ELLIS

THE best essays in this miscellany are those in which Father Feeney writes of his family and his life as a boy. Then he achieves a directness and a simplicity lacking in his catechetical and expository essays in which are sadly combined the condescension of the schoolroom and the coy piety of the sacristy. The late W. E. Lilly, a popular English Roman Catholic apologist at the beginning of this century, contended that since the sixteenth century the Church of Rome had been a beleagured city, and that too many of its denizens were narrowly on the defensive. Most of Father Feeney's apologetic efforts are admirable illustrations of this thesis. His devotion and his piety are distressingly private; he nudges his readers, and asks his co-religionists to rejoice with him that they live in a hot-house. He forgets that hot-houses have glass roofs and walls; and that most of us are by now content to be out-of-doors with such brisker apologists as Leon Bloy, G. K. Chesterton, Jacques Maritain, or Friederich von Hügel. In the sketch on his meeting with two Y.W.C.A. missionaries he deplores the hearty, Big Brother Jesus tone of American Protestantism; but is blandly unaware that his own saccharine phraseology about Our Lady and the Blessed Sacrament is a capital example of the same tendency.

By far the weakest papers in the book are those devoted to literature. It is hard to know what suitable comment to make on such an astounding judgment as:

> Poets make wretched mystics, but mystics make even worse poets.
> Saint John of the Cross was a great mystic, but a poor poet.
> John Keats, a great poet, no mystic whatsoever.

The statement on Keats could be defended, though all pure poetry approximates to mysticism; but the initial generalization is nonsense—in English literature alone, Herbert, Vaughan, Traherne, Blake disprove it: while to call the author of one of the greatest poems written in Spanish "a poor poet" is an extravagance so extreme that it can only be explained by a natural insensitiveness to poetry. And this Father Feeney conveniently displays in his condescending essay on Chesterton where, with a childish naiveté, he compares Chesterton's "The Donkey" unfavorably with some pedestrian verses of his own.



This first novel has been quietly but surely making its way among readers who appreciate thoughtful and sensitive writing . . .

"With a restraint seldom found in a first novel, Jeanne Singer broaches the problem of anti-Semitism in a manner which will leave her readers applying the specific incident involving her central characters to the infinitely broader aspects of all religious intolerance. This has been done before; but by writing in a lucid, almost poetic style, confining the story to the events of a single day, the author succeeds in giving fresh color and significance to the theme."

This lead paragraph in a *New York Times* review of the book is echoed by Rose Feld, writing in the *Herald Tribune*: "The quiet reserve of her writing, the reticence of her characterization, add intensity and depth to the problem she presents."

And Babette Deutsch in *The Palestine Review* says "This novel has almost every excellence but greatness. It is entertaining, sensitive, wise; above all, it is civilized, and it explores the landscape with skill, thoroughness and subtlety . . . Jew and Gentile alike should find this work of fiction a delight in itself and a touchstone for some of the most precious elements in American life."

by Jeanne Singer

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Public Housing

THE SEVEN MYTHS OF HOUSING. By Nathan Straus. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CLEVELAND ROGERS

NATHAN STRAUS put the quintessentials of his unusual experience in private and public housing into this timely and helpful book, but it is more than a record of accomplishment. He presents the background and development of public housing to date, refutes its critics, dissipates a number of fallacies, and carries on by proposing an expanded housing program as a primary postwar need. Above all, however, the volume is a startling reminder that a really adequate housing program is far from being accepted as an established national policy.

As Administrator of the United States Housing Authority, Mr. Straus was continually hearing these, or similar, expressions: "There are no slums in my town"; "slum dwellers create slums"; "the government should buy up the slums." "Public housing does not clear slums or rehouse slum families; it is costly and extravagant, injuring private business and threatening to bankrupt the country."

These "myths" Mr. Straus effectively demolishes, one by one. He shows that the prevalence of such beliefs is attributable in part to deliberate misrepresentations by self-serving enemies of public housing, and he identifies, quotes, and answers the more articulate of these opponents. But he knows that spending public funds to house people who cannot afford decent homes is still new in this country and is more persuasive than dogmatic in presenting his arguments.

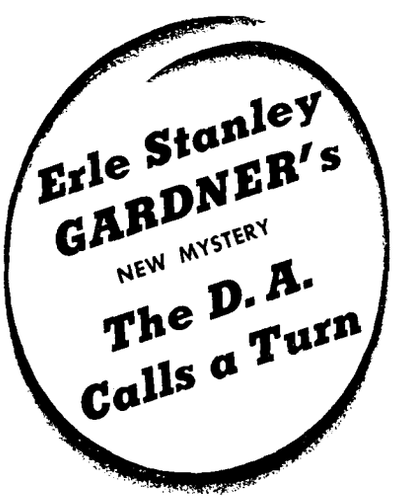
He draws on history for analogies to prove that housing reform is merely following a familiar course, but his references to housing developments abroad emphasize our backwardness. We may fall still farther behind unless we grasp the fact that after this war there may be a New Europe and we will be part of an Old World, with inferior housing as our most conspicuous disgrace. Certainly, current hopes and promises of a better world will be a hollow mockery if the men now risking their lives return to raise families in the miserable dwellings where so many American service stars now appear in darkened windows.

Mr. Straus has his differences with overzealous "housers," as well as with realtors, and he has reached definite conclusions regarding procedures which he believes should be followed in advancing an expanded post-war program. In brief, he proposed that all suitable war housing be turned over to local housing authorities to rehouse slum families after the war. He would have the FHA provide at least 600,000 new dwellings a year for families just above the public housing level. He believes that Congress should grant subsidies totalling $145,000,000 a year to assure 1,500,000 homes, with loans up to $100,000,000 to local authorities for the purchase of land. Local communities should be empowered to buy and hold land in slums and outlying areas for housing and recreational purposes, and no slum dwelling should be demolished before accommodations are made available elsewhere for displaced families.

While this program may seem ambitious it is not more radical or extensive than similar proposals in Great Britain, and it is much more reasonable than the schemes of some of our visionary post-war planners. However, many realities, as well as "myths," remain to be dealt with before subsidized public housing and other large-scale rehousing projects can get under way, especially in cities, where they are most needed.

The role of the States in their relations with localities receives little attention. So does land, which is really the basic problem in housing. Actual ownership is not so important as control of land uses. But readjustments in the tax structure are fundamental. However, we should not quarrel with Mr. Straus because he did not exhaust this complex subject in one book. He has made a valuable contribution to the cause of better living.

HERE IT IS!



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—*Jack Ketch*

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Anglo-Saxon Spirit

GOD'S ENGLISHMAN. By Leland Dewitt Baldwin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1943. 265 *pp. Index* $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

MORE than two hundred years ago that typical middle-class English author, Daniel Defoe, wrote of "Your Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman English," even then forgetting the Celt and the possible Phoenician strains in the Cornish. For some odd reason there sprang up a fashion in the last century, a fashion followed by Mr. Baldwin, of calling this hybrid mongrel "Anglo-Saxon" and Mr. Baldwin believes that:

> America is definitely Anglo-Saxon, and yet there is a difference. Like it or not, the fact is evident that the first nation of true European blood is being formed there, a forecast of the European future. But it will not be European. It will be Neo-Anglo-Saxon.

I must leave it to Mr. Baldwin's fellow citizens to commend or dispute this prediction of his: especially the citizens of Dutch, German, Spanish, and Italian origin. I want to confine myself to a discussion of his general thesis: this is, roughly, that there is an "Anglo-Saxon spirit," centering in the island of England, that this arose at a period when England cut itself off from the Continent of Europe, and that its chief manifestations consist in an exaltation of conscience, in the subordination of State laws to the common law, and the freedom of the judiciary from the control of any would-be tyrant.

I agree with Mr. Baldwin very heartily that these are desirable things: I disagree in his thesis that there is something peculiarly "Anglo-Saxon" or English in them, although one might make out a case for the thesis that the principles at issue have been more vigorously defended in the British Commonwealth and in the United States than in any other country, possibly, except Switzerland and, in more recent times, Norway and Denmark. That the principles are in the least exclusively English in origin seems to me a fantastic hypothesis. Mr. Baldwin looks at English history through the old-fashioned spectacles of Freeman, Froude, Stubbs, Kingsley, J. R. Green, and their disciples. More seriously he cannot think himself back much beyond the American Revolution. His attitude to earlier periods is hopelessly colored by a nineteenth-century viewpoint. This is especially noticeable in his statements about the Middle Ages and the earlier period which we called "Dark" be-

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fore such scholars as Lane-Poole, Haskins, and Helen Waddell portrayed them from their own records.

Let me take one or two instances. I do not think Mr. Baldwin would find a single reputable historian, Papist or Protestant, who would agree with his statement, "the medieval concept of the universal spiritual domination of the Pope perished early in England," or that "within three centuries after the coming of William the Conqueror . . . the hold of the Roman Catholic Church in the hearts of the people had been weakened and Protestantism, born before its time, was spreading underground among ecclesiastical and social roots of the kingdom." The Lollards were no more "Protestant" than were the Albigenses or the Cathari: they looked backward to the old religion which Dr. Margaret Murray has analyzed, a religion far older than Christianity, while they looked forward to a mystical, truly Christian, but most "un-Protestant" faith such as that preached later by the Society of Friends. The ecclesiastical authorities failed to distinguish, often enough, between the good and the bad elements in these movements: but it is reading history backwards to see any of them as attacks on a firmly established Catholicism. Catholicism, Christianity itself, was often fighting for its life: and I suppose that, in the reigns of Henry VI and Henry VII, it could be said successfully to hold the hearts and minds of the vast majority of Englishmen. The truth is that Mr. Baldwin, throughout his book, fails to distinguish between the spiritual authority of the See of Rome and the temporal ambitions of some of the medieval Popes. These latter were never popular in England: and even in ecclesiastical, as opposed to theological, questions—for instance, in the appointment of Bishops, the King, and country were against the Pope—as they were often in Spain, in France, and other Catholic countries.

Is the insistence on the rights of conscience a peculiarly English conception? So far is this from being true, the conception can be traced back to St. Augustine and St. Thomas: for it is inherent in the Christian doctrine of natural law, by which also the King is subject to the law. This was never disputed in the Middle Ages. The notion that the King was above the Law was a fancy of James I: for even the tyrant Henry VIII was pitiably anxious to legalize his transgressions. Blackstone, the great English jurist, says that:

> This law of nature, being coeval with mankind and dictated by God Himself, is of course superior in obligation to any other. It is binding over all the globe in all countries and at all times: no human laws are of any validity, if contrary to this: and such of them as are valid derive all their force and all their authority mediately or immediately, from this original.

That downright statement is the core of any Christian view of law: and its power in the churches, especially in the Roman Catholic Church, has been splendidly shown by the religious opposition to Nazi legal "lawlessness" in Germany, Scandinavia, Holland, and France.

It would be an amusing but too lengthy an exercise to give example after example of Mr. Baldwin's skill at breakneck generalizations. Here are a few only. "English Christianity springs rather from the law of Moses than the law of Christ"; and "is an institutional and solid rather than a theological and spiritual phenomenon." This of the country that produced great mystics and poets from Julian of Norwich and Richard Rolle of Hampole to George Fox, William Law, George Herbert, Thomas Traherne, and William Blake. "The average Anglo-Saxon has difficulty in recognizing 'Manon Lescaut' as great art because he thinks it morally bad." Few French books had, in the original and in translation, so great a popularity in England; and it appeared in many cheap and popular editions right through the Victorian age. "Milton was that rare creature, a crusading Englishman." To leave out the pre-Reformation period, I call on the shades of the early Friends, of the Methodists, of such men of recent times as Livingstone, Gordon, Scawen Blunt, T. E. Lawrence, Grenfell: of

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innumerable teachers and missionaries to Africa, China, India, and the islands—the country is a hot-bed of Crusaders, Tory and Radical: Shelley and Coleridge and Southey and Wordsworth hold out their hands to the young men in the Spanish International Brigade.

Mr. Baldwin's is a generous, sometimes witty book; but I sought in vain in its pages for what seems to me, a man of Welsh, Irish, French, and a little English blood, to be the greatest and most peristent trait of the English. They are their own hardest critics: and if a man is English, he is forgiven almost anything. What other nation can show so long and distinguished a roll-call of rebels, minority leaders, bearers of revolutionary banners, champions of lost causes? They come in all parties—Dr. Johnson the Tory, Jack Wilkes the Radical: Cobbett and Chesterton: Dickens and Ruskin. If English complacency excels that of other people, nowhere is it so quickly and vehemently challenged as in England by Englishmen. And, whether they state it explicitly or no, they are thus patient of criticism because they know in their bones that not the state, not even the nation can claim absolute allegiance except as the vehicle of an over-mastering God-given vision of truth. It was that great Englishman Chesterton who, during the Boer War, retorted to a heckler who cried "My country right or wrong!" —"I would as soon say 'My mother drunk or sober'." This is, I fancy, the final lesson Mr. Baldwin would drive home in his new book; but the wise Englishman would doubtless base his obedience to this law precisely on the fact that it was not Anglo-Saxon, but universal.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
HOME SWEET HOMICIDE *Craig Rice* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	To get publicity for mystery-writin' mamma, most amusing children since Penrod solve murders of California blackmailer and gangster.	True-to-life and likable characters . . . including the cops . . . artfully deceptive plot, vast supply of good fun, and ample excitement.	Delightful
THE LAST SECRET *Dana Chambers* (Dial Press: $2.)	Phycicist friend tells Jim Steele, Military Intelligence, about secret weapon. Then hell pops from Manhattan to Andean air-field and back.	Indestructible hero braves bomb toting enemy agents, sadistic doctors, and double-crossing Nazi scientists to unmask master criminal.	Paging Superman!
THE LADY AND THE ARSENIC *Joseph Shearing* (Smith & Durrell: $2.50)	Poisoning of boorish husband brings prison sentence to highly-strung French girl slightly addled by phony romanticism of 1830's.	Fictional treatment of factual *cause celebre*. Penetrating portrait of erratic exhibitionist with genius for publicity, and interesting re-creation of feverish era.	Rewarding
MOHUNE'S NINE LIVES *Pelham Groom* (Liveright: $2.)	British air-ace, forced down in enemy territory, escapes from Gestapo and brings home news of imminent Nazi invasion.	All-out melodrama, with Peter Mohune (pronounced Moon) slugging, shooting, and stabbing way out of perilous fixes. Air stuff is good.	Thriller
MICHAEL SHAYNE'S LONG CHANCE *Brett Halliday* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Red-headed Miami private op. moves in on New Orleans underworld and clears up brutal murder of girl client.	Shayne, as usual, takes punishment enough to slay six average guys, but cannily snares a murderer who framed himself.	Plenty tough
THE CASE OF THE EIGHTEENTH OSTRICH *Colin Curzon* (Macmillan: $2.)	Wounded British secret agent reveals bird-borne secret to dauntless and mad-cap compatriots, who locate valuable document after wild-eyed adventures.	Sprightly hero and heroine of "Body in Barrage Balloon" don't come off so well in this tedious and uproariously unfunny opus.	No dice
HE WOULDN'T KILL PATIENCE *Carter Dickson* (Morrow: $2.)	London herpetologist murderously gassed in room sealed from *inside*. Sir Henry Merrivale unscrews inscrutable problem in customary breezy fashion.	Double-dyed Dickson deceiver . . . completely baffling 'til H. M. tells all. Plenty of action, humor, and romance against slithery reptilian background.	Up with the best!

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Love in French Fiction

SEVEN FACES OF LOVE. By André Maurois. New York: Didier, Publishers. 1944. 243 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by SIDNEY L. MCGEE

THIS book is not the boudoir tale its alluring title might suggest but, in the words of the author, a history of love seen through the French novel. It is also an interpretation of French society through three centuries of changing ideals in love, and, in a broader sense, a history of French literature using love as a point of departure. Professors of French who have difficulty in motivating the study of literature might profit by using this book as a text. But they will not.

André Maurois reduces the hydra-headed monster, love, to an enticing seven-faced creature by selecting arbitrarily seven French novelists for analysis. In a more or less uniform pattern he tells the life of each author, with emphasis on his loves, recounts the tales of love he has told in his writings, and analyzes his philosophy of love, relating it to the prevailing literary philosophy.

The author first unveils the austere face of love as depicted in the seventeenth century by Madame de Lafayette's *La Princesse de Clèves.* In an heroic conflict between passion and honor, the latter is victorious. But the remaining six faces of love are less austere.

Love was a two-faced creature during the eighteenth century. In Laclos's *Liaisons dangereuses* it was love-as-pleasure; in Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloise* it was love-as-delirium. The former was the Don Juan-ism of the decadent nobility against which the Revolution was fought, the latter the sentimental love of those who fought the Revolution.

But love, if we are to believe the author, did not reach its full flowering —in literature—before the Revolution. The heroic ideal of *La Princesse de Clèves* leaned over backward in its denial of the urge of the flesh, Don Juan's love-as-pleasure engendered the monotony of a game with rigid rules, and Rousseau's love-as-delirium neglected too much the realities of the flesh.

It required a Stendhal to unite the cynicism of Don Juan with the sensibility of Werther. He created two types of women: Madame de Rênal, tender, modest, passionate, pious, "in short, perfect and yet vanquished by passion," and Mathilde de la Mole, haughty, imperious, calculating, "a soul of the Renaissance." Both, however, in spite of their differences, were "sublime souls," made so by their contempt for all that was not love.

In the study of the heroines of Balzac and Flaubert the work becomes almost wholly literary analysis. No clearly defined face of love emerges from the study of Balzac, and Flaubert's Madame Bovary wears a wholly negative face inasmuch as she is the author's expression of disbelief in romantic love.

For Proust, love, as portrayed in his hothouse society, is a mental state, one which has a cause and a cure; it is love-as-disease. "Madame de Lafayette," writes André Maurois, "had studied love as a metaphysician, Rousseau as a moralist, Stendhal as a lover, Flaubert as an unbeliever and an iconoclast. Proust studies it as a poet and as a clinician."

André Maurois writes from a vast storehouse of knowledge, from a fine sense of nuances, and with a sure intuition for the taste of his readers who, in this case, will be largely feminine. He writes also with an eye cocked to the susceptibilities of the Anglo-Saxon mind which is still tinged with Puritanism. When Don Juan is too cynical about love he explains him away with a moral precept or relegates him to a dead age or to a limited society. He gives the timid soul a glimpse of libertinism and unbridled love, then eases the shock with a reassuring aphorism.

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➡ Their *Promised Land* was the Amazon jungle . . . their leader a river-man from the Mississippi. This is the story of some unreconstructed rebels, a group of New Orleans aristocrats and their wives and daughters, who escaped from the carpetbaggers after the Civil War by shipping to Brazil in a river packet with a load of riffraff.

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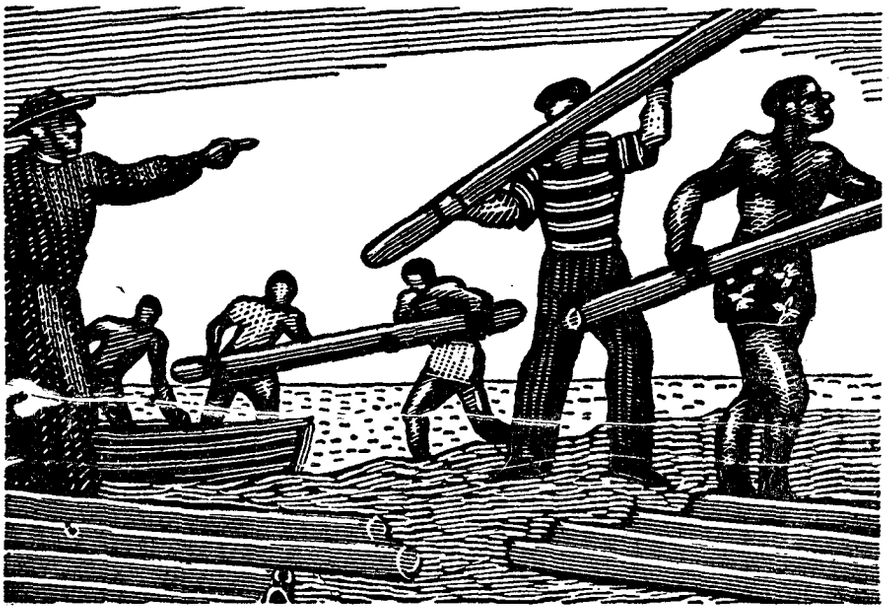
Hero Stories and Biographies for Young People



—*Drawing by Raymond Lufkin, from "Man of Molokai."*

THIRTY years ago, in 1914, the New York Public Library Press published a reading list for boys and girls. It was called "Heroism," and under the title were the words; "The grandest heritage a hero can leave his race is to have been a hero."

It listed, with annotations, the heroes of legend and history, the saints and warriors, the explorers and scientists and inventors in books that were both readable and authentic. In the years that have passed, the years between two World Wars, this list has been used as a basis for the exhibits, the Story Hours, and Reading Room groups that are brought together to celebrate The Heroes in February—the month that marks the birthday of two great Americans—in all of the branch libraries and in the Central Children's Room. Artists have always had a large share in this annual festival. This year the Central Children's Room will show the original lithographs that illustrate James Daugherty's life of Abraham Lincoln. This year the storytellers will make a very special effort to bring to the children a sense of the great words that have been spoken and sung of men and women who have given their lives for their country or for a common cause. We who have treasured these words through the years must pass them on, conscious of their perennial freshness, their eternal values.

"Pilgrim's Progress" is one of the books that we adults have labeled a "classic." We have put it on the required reading lists for schools, we have told the boys and girls that they *must* read it. So, to them, it is a dead thing. But actually today it is a book that lives more vividly than it has since the day it was published. It is a vital incentive to courage and fortitude. Listen to the last will and testament of Mr. Valiant-for-Truth when he came to the end of his pilgrimage.

> My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my Pilgrimage. My courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be witness for me that I have fought his battles who will now be my Rewarder." . . . So he passed over. And all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

And if it is color and drama that the children want, call up for them the splendid, shining circle of the heroes; Siegfried leaning on his great sword, Balmung, with his foot on the cold body of the dragon, Fafnir, whose evil he has destroyed; Roland at Roncevalles seeking through the bodies of his dead warriors—the very flower of France—for Oliver and Archbishop Turpin, carrying them to the edge of the cliff, laying them under the beech tree "with their faces turned toward France"; Antar riding into battle, his white robe fluttering behind him, his great voice singing out the songs that tell his glory to the world; Ilmarinen standing for three days and three nights without food or water at the forge to make the magic Sampo; David measuring with confident, young eyes the distance that his puny stone must go to kill the giant; Beowulf seeking Grendel's mother in the slimy darkness under the waters of the lake.

The chain that the hero stories have woven begins in the days before history and goes on to the pages of our daily newspaper. We must make it clear to the children. We must give them a sense of its continuity.

M. G. D.

FATHER DAMIEN

MAN OF MOLOKAI. The Life of Father Damien. By Ann Roos. New York: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1943. 254 *pp.* $2.

THERE is no sound of trumpets, no flag waving, no shouting adoring crowds for this hero. The curtain rises on a peasant family in Belgium, simple and devout. It falls in the house that Father Damien built with his own hands on Molokai. Joseph Dutton is beside him and beyond the door is the murmur of the people to whom he has given faith and a sense of the imperishable dignity of the human soul.

> His task is done, for he has set alight a fire in Molokai which shall never be put out.

Never in history was there a hero more single-minded, more certain of the path that leads to immortality.

Miss Roos has painted a vivid picture of his childhood and youth. We learn to know well that sturdy Flemish farmer, François de Veuster, who was his father, his mother, and his brother Augustus. The story begins with the birth of Joseph de Veuster on a windy night in the year 1840. He grows up as other Flemish children had grown up before him, secure in the simple, rhythmic life of the changing seasons, the farm, the home, the church, and the school. His father wants Joseph to be a merchant, so he goes to the Walloon School for his training. He is still only a boy when the call comes to him, clear and unmistakable. He answers it with the whole-hearted energy, the utter selflessness that characterizes him to the very end. François de Veuster is at first disappointed. He has already given one son to the Church. But Joseph is so eager, so sure. "God's will be done," says François de Veuster. And goes home to his farm.

It is a confident, happy boy that he leaves behind him; a confidence, a faith that grow and strengthen as he completes his novitiate at the Picpus House in Louvain and goes across the sea to Honolulu. The story of his life in Molokai, the tragic people, the appalling physical conditions, the in-

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ertia and indifference of the Government authorities is well known. Miss Roos makes it clear from the first that Father Damien is a builder as well as a shepherd of souls, that he has an intuitive understanding of the childlike, primitive people under his charge. For a long time the Government refuses to let Bishop Maigret, Father Damien's superior, come to the Island. When at last the ban is lifted and he comes Father Damien shows him proudly the clean, airy houses that his energy has built, the little chapel with the figures of the Saints and the Virgin that clumsy, loving hands have carved from wood and decked with the pitiful scraps of silk and tinsel that the women could scrape together. He tells him of the two Burial Associations that he has founded—two because the people need the impetus of competition.

In Joseph Dutton, who came to Molokai in 1886, he found a real helper, one who understood him and could carry on the plans of a mind still strong and vigorous, of a will and a faith that never faltered. For utter negation of self, for patience and courage and determination no hero story can match the story of Father Damien of Molokai. M. G. D.

"MISS KITTY"

CURTAIN GOING UP! THE STORY OF KATHARINE CORNELL. By Gladys Malvern. New York: Julian Messner. 1943. 244 *pp.* $2.50.

SURELY no profession casts such enchantment as does that of the actor. Young people are particularly susceptible to its charm. And that is as it should be, providing of course that they have a thorough understanding of all that acting entails. I can conceive of no one coming away from reading "Curtain Going Up" without a very clear picture of the exacting nature of the actor's work, a fuller realization of the deep satisfaction experienced by the troopers.

"To be a trooper," writes Miss Malvern, "means to take the bad as gracefully as the good, to make the best of everything, to give a show at all costs and to meet emergencies victoriously." From her account of Katharine Cornell's life it is easy to see why the late Alexander Woollcott proclaimed "Miss Kitty" the foremost trooper of our day. A broken rib, a smashed finger, a sandstorm, a bank moratorium have all been taken in her gallant stride and the play has always gone on—if need be at one o'clock in the morning, as Seattle will "long remember."

The daughter of a doctor who gave up medicine to manage successfully a theatre, Katharine Cornell at ten years of age saw Maude Adams as Peter Pan. The spell was cast. The theatre henceforth was her goal. The tale of her painstaking progress along the road to success is an engrossing and an inspiring one which loses nothing in the telling. Her own love story, by the way, is as satisfying as any that she has ever played.

The biography of anyone connected with the theatre naturally demands a consideration of many other names. Without crowding her stage unduly, Miss Malvern has deftly fitted in these people, giving the sense of variety, the color, the genuine kindliness of the theatre she has omitted some of the details and the anecdotes found in "I Wanted to Be an Actress"; but this makes her book more acceptable to young readers. Numerous photographs of Miss Cornell in her various roles and in private life add to this book's appeal.

"Twenty seven years of hard work" is Katharine Cornell's summing up of her career. "Curtain Going Up" is a fine estimate of what she has accomplished. EILEEN RIOLS.

THE LIBERATOR

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIMON BOLIVAR. By Hendrick Willem van Loon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1943. 146 *pp.* $2.50.

AGAINST the colorful background of his times, Mr. van Loon has drawn a vivid picture of the great South American Liberator. One third of the book is devoted to the story of South America from the time of Columbus to the birth of Simón Bolívar in 1783. Graphically and easily we are told of the rivalry of Spain and Portugal for the domination of the New World. Europe's social and political conditions and their effect on the new land are made clear.

—Drawing by Hendrik Willem van Loon, from "Simon Bolivar."

Mr. van Loon has not attempted a long, erudite book. In a hundred and fifty pages he has whetted our appetites for more about the great Venezuelan leader. We get a glimpse of the part he played in the freeing of his country from the feudalism and despotism of the Old World. Through success and disappointment he toiled ceaselessly as soldier and statesman for the freedom and independence of South America. He was the first man to have a vision of a United States of both Americas.

It is a timely biography, and is engrossing reading with a strong appeal to the older boys and girls. It is illustrated by the author in color with map end-papers. MURIEL GILBERT.

LIFE OF A GENIUS

CHOPIN. By Antoni Gronowicz. Rendered in English by Jessie McEwen. Drawings by George Avison. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1943. 202 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER

A LIFE marked by genius, overshadowed by poverty and illness but one that produced some of the world's greatest music—that is the story of Frederick Chopin. This biography gives the most important scenes in the life of a man who lived through Poland's insurrection and shared her martyrdom. Unable to fight in battle, Chopin put his patriotism into music, expressing with the fire of genius—as in the Revolutionary Etude—his country's right to freedom. Poland's peasant songs inspired his most haunting compositions. His love for country runs all through his work. One of the most charming scenes in this biography shows Chopin training an orchestra of barefooted village children which he finally brings for a public audition at the Conservatory of Warsaw.

In Berlin, Vienna, Paris, London, and Edinburgh we see Chopin meeting the celebrities of his time. He gives concerts and exhausting lessons. And he composes indefatigably, longing always for his beloved Poland, for his parents and his sisters with whom he kept a most touching relationship, as his letters show, until his death in Paris in 1849.

This story of Chopin loses directness in the translation; but it does record the dramatic and moving scenes of his life. The pen and ink sketches by George Avison are, many of them, from original sources.

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—Drawing by Willy Pogány, from "The Frenzied Prince."

TALES FROM CELTIC LITERATURE

THE FRENZIED PRINCE; BEING HEROIC STORIES OF ANCIENT IRELAND. Told by Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Willy Pogány. Philadelphia: David McKay Co. 1942. 196 *pp.* $3.50.

THIS latest collection of the heroic tales of Celtic literature was reviewed briefly in the Book Week number of *The Saturday Review*. In the light of what is happening in the world today it needs to be brought forward again.

It is the story of an Irish Prince, Suivne, who, in punishment for breaking an armistice that was laid upon the opposing armies in the Battle of Moy Rah, was made mad and sent to be with the madmen of Glen Bolcain. Donald, the King of Ireland, takes pity upon him and sends to him two famous storytellers who, with their tales, restore him to sanity. Now these tales that they tell are of the Irish heroes and of the women whom they loved. They are written in a singing prose that seems to have under it the sound of an Irish harp. Every word has its place in the sequence of words. The action of the story almost always ends with the death of the hero; but it is a triumphant, victorious death. King Fergus, having killed the great under-water beast who had disfigured him;

> Preserve and treasure my sword, he said. Your King has faced the monster who disfigured him, making him no-king. I would rather death than be un-kinged through being misshapen. Men of Ulster, I die your King. So Fergus died beside the water he had reddened with the Sheenach's blood.

There are three stories here of Cuchullain, the most dramatic and appealing of the Irish Kings. When he is given his death wound in battle, the Druids chant together; "The King of the heroes of Ireland falls through that spear." Cuchullain goes to the loch to drink and to bathe his wounds. Then;

> He saw a pillar-stone on the plain; he went to it and put his girdle round it so that he might be held upright, not seated and not lying down. Those who watched from the ranks of his foes saw that the rays that were the hero's light were still around his forehead. Then they were seen no more.

Let no one say that boys and girls do not respond to great words that clothe great thoughts and deeds. We who serve them through books know better! They sometimes do not voice, or even show, their response. But they are, after all, the poets, the novelists, the composers and painters and dramatists of the years that lie ahead of us. Under the hideous realities of today, they are "dreaming dreams." A book like this will help to make the dreams concrete, to translate them into beauty and harmony. M. G. D.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION

STEFANSSON; PROPHET OF THE NORTH. By Earl P. Hanson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 241 *pp.* $2.50.

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON is one of the most fascinating scientists of our time. An explorer of the North who endured endless hardships, only to prove later that the Arctic does not really present any hardships if one goes about it properly, an anthropologist who discovered that Eskimos are not so very different from the white man, a courageous advocate of the importance of the North whose theories are confirmed today when our soldiers stand watch in Iceland and our fliers and sailors keep an eye on the Polar Sea.

Stefansson believes that he is a descendant of the first white child known to have born on the American mainland to one of the early Icelandic settler-families, who had come from Iceland via Greenland. Long before he set out on his exploits he had an inner conviction that he would find the Eskimos hospitable and in many ways like ourselves. When he met them, he saw that he was absolutely right. One tribe even accepted him as one of the "blond" Eskimos. He lived with them far up in the Arctic where no white man had ever set foot, he ate raw, frozen fish as they did, and he soon built better snow huts than his hosts.

Earl Hanson's biography shows that Stefansson would never have achieved what he did without his unprejudiced attitude toward a backward and primitive people. The book shows something of that true humility which Stefansson, the trained scientist, felt before these people who were still living in the Stone Age but whose clothes and food, houses and habits were admirably suited to their world.

The greater part of the book tells of Stefansson's expeditions. Most of them were scientific. They were not made in order to say that he had marched to the North Pole in record time or done something else that was purely sensational. Nevertheless, these explorations provide enough thrills to hold the interest of older boys and girls. There is a nice balance between science and entertainment, although one report of a dangerous Arctic adventure inevitably differs little from another. There is a certain monotony in describing battles with snow and ice and bitter cold. It might have been wiser here to elaborate on one expedition only and summarize the others briefly.

RICHARD R. PLANT.

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MAN OF THE PEOPLE

A. LINCOLN. By James Daugherty. Illustrated with Lithographs in Two Colors by the Author. New York: The Viking Press. 1943. 216 *pp.* $3.50.

OFTEN has this reviewer admired James Daugherty's drawings for their sweep and gusto and vigor. This life of Lincoln that he has written with the same singular vigor has also a poetic strain, both when he touches nature and human nature. The prime strength of the book, however, lies in the way the author has tasted and savored his material instead of hurriedly gulping the known facts or passing them by with a brief wave, to sentimentalize. There is a strong pictorial quality about those descriptions of the stepping stones in young Abe's career that make him stride, alive, across the page. Here is your wilderness lad, your rail-splitter; a portrait that has all the features of Mr. Daugherty's draughtsmanship;

> His bare feet and hands grew strong and hard. They were quick, sure workers and travelers which hung, loose and supple, in long tough arms and legs, taking their orders from a high, hard noodle perched on a leather brown neck. From under a crow's nest of coarse black mane drooping gray eyes looked out of deep sockets at the dream of things, at the friendly world where he was always eager and willing to lend a hand or help a friend. . . . He could let loose a hurricane of muscle and lean power that was tough as Indianny oak and hickery.

It is good to reflect upon the fibre of such Americans. Step by step through text and pictures the crises in Lincoln's career are marked; his struggle as a storekeeper, as a young country lawyer, his sudden marriage, the sixteen years' partnership with Billy Herndon at Springfield, the going to Congress—where he did not remain. "My future is behind me," he said then quietly. And became a circuit lawyer. Then came the bugle call, the dramatic challenge that invoked the seven debates against Stephen Douglas, and his arguments for Popular Sovereignty. And the town's absent-minded failure was in line for the Presidency.

In this reviewer's judgment, the most brilliant portions of the book are the chapters that cover the years of the Civil War. On that turbulent stage members of his Cabinet, generals, politicians alike come to life for us; as do the horror and loss and the continual defeats of the Union Army. The narrative moves deliberately, as

—Drawing by James Daugherty, from "A. Lincoln."

Lincoln's development was deliberate.

Despite the many and sundry biographies written of Abraham Lincoln, this is not just one more life. It is a book for the enthusiastic young people of our land, a live book that they will value. LAURA BENÉT.

FRIENDLY CREATURES

TWENTY LITTLE PETS FROM EVERYWHERE. By Raymond L. Ditmars. Illustrated by Helene Carter. New York: Julian Messner. 1943. 64 *pp.* $2.50.

ANYONE who is seeking authentic information and beauty of design in a picture book will turn with delight to this story of the little animals that children of strange and often faraway countries have for pets. Dr. Ditmars's obvious affection for these creatures makes this last book of his a friendly and pleasant thing. Here is the lesser panda who looks like a baby red fox, here is the mongoose who must be a close relation of Rikki-tikki-tavi. Here is the jaguarundi who looks something like a kitten although he lives in a tree in South America. Here is the kinkajou. Dr. Ditmars characterizes him in one sentence:

> To look at him you would think; "My, isn't he solemn?"
> Then, the first thing you know, he is sneaking things from your pocket!

Here is the koala. Helene Carter's drawing of him makes him adorable. On the whole her drawings for this book are as completely satisfying as those for "First the Flower Then the Fruit."

M. G. D.

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The Phoenix Nest

AS promised last week I give you today Earle Walbridge's letter discussing Graham Greene and Beatrix Potter. As you know, or should, the famous Mrs. William Heelis (Beatrix Potter) died on December 22 last in Sawtrey, England, at the age of seventy-seven. On January 14 the *New York Herald-Tribune* ran a properly long *obit* concerning her. The dignified *Times* seems to have missed the boat on it. The sales of the little Beatrix Potter books ran into the millions and she became almost a legend in her own England. She personalized her lake country in her water-color illustrations. Her Peter Rabbit is known in five languages. And now to Mr. Walbridge:

I wish your correspondent would tell us more about the suppressed edition of "The Tailor of Gloucester." Why suppressed? Of course Graham Greene, who writes "entertainments," as he calls his psycho-criminal novels, has called it "a good example of a bad genre." He objects to the story—"snow, and Christmas bells and poverty," as "too Dickensian." He also contends that Miss Potter is seldom at her best with human beings, and that the character of the cat, Simpkin, is for the first time in her books, an unsympathetic one. Did some enraged felinophile—Elmer Davis, or Carl van Vechten—bring about the suppression? The book as it stands has some of her most haunting color work. (Nearly all the Beatrix Potter books in the New York Public Library are from the Edmund Pearson collection.)

Graham Greene gravely discusses Miss Potter's work in the *London Mercury* for January, 1933. "Her stories contain plenty of dramatic action, but it is described from the outside by an acute and unromantic observer, who never sacrifices truth for an effective gesture. As an example of Miss Potter's empiricism, her rigid adherence to what can be seen and heard, consider the climax of her masterpiece, "The Roly-Poly Pudding," Tom Kitten's capture by the rats in the attic. . . . There are few fights in literature which can compare in excitement with the duel between Mr. Tod [in "The Tale of Mr. Tod"] and Tommy Brock." And indeed, the suspense of "The Roly-Poly Pudding" compares with Mr. Greene's own "Ministry of Fear" or his "The Confidential Agent" and Margery Allingham's "Mystery Mile." Allow me to illustrate.

There is a small grill on Fifty-Second Street (to which Mrs. Becker, Beatrice Warde, Will Cuppy and myself have repaired on occasion) into which crop, in their off-duty moments, Frankie Froeba ("The Honky-Tonk Tchaikovsky") (8:50 on WNEW) and his Boys in the Back Room from the Club 18; Eddie Condon, Virgil Thomson's favorite Town Hall artist; and some grave young Luceditors. I once had the pleasure of introducing to Mrs. Becker Señor Nino de Carlos, a Spanish dancer of Italian birth, with whom I have discussed the work of Gabriele d'Annunzio, Antonio Fogazzaro, and Guido da Verona (author of "Mimi Bluette"), the latter two of whom I wrote up for "Twentieth Century Authors." He always wants to examine any book I bring in, and when I did bring "The Roly-Poly Pudding" one evening he began to read it with rapt absorption. When summoned away by a telephone call, just when Samuel Whiskers and his wife had Tom Kitten rolled up in dough, he inquired "Did they keel the leetle Tommy?" I was able to assure him that Tom was rescued in the nick of time by John Joiner, a dog.

Another frequenter of the place, Pat O'Connor, has two cats named Gilbert and Sullivan. Your proofreader spoiled the point of my Delafield story, and made her twin sister a "twain." Oh well! I find that E. M. Delafield and her husband spent two years after their marriage (1919-1921, I assume) in the Federated Malay States, so that she *could* have sent the rhymed dedication of "The Heel of Achilles" to her sister from Singapore.

I grieve to say that Mr. Kahler misquoted the opening line of Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way" (Harper, 1901), which runs: *"Not guilty, your honor!"* not "Not guilty, my Lords."

It goes on:

"A hundred atmospheres had seemed pressing down on the fretted people in the crowded court room. As the discordant treble of the huge foreman of the jury squeaked over the mass of gaping humanity, which had twitched at skirts, drawn purposeless hands across prickling faces, and kept nervous legs at a gallop, the smothering weights of elastic air lifted suddenly, a great suspiration of relief swept through the place like a breeze, and in a far corner of the gallery a woman laughed outright."

"Beauty" Steele had wangled an acquittal for Joseph Nadeau, a French-Canadian lumberman. And after the verdict he told him "Get out of my sight! You're as guilty as hell!'"

Recently I caught up with the Max Reinhardt "Midsummer Night's Dream" film made several years ago. The thing that pleased me as much as anything was the performance of a tow-headed child who uttered shrieks of maniacal laughter and read his lines much better than any other actor in the cast. His name was Puck in the play and Mickey Rooney on the screen, and I kept wishing that Andy Hardy would stray into the enchanted forest so that Puck could drown him in the nearest pool! The sequences of magic flashed and glittered like a Vermont landscape after a sleet storm,

Yes, SCREWTAPE

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"You keep feeding it distilled water for about seven years, then it grows seeds to plant little ones again."

as did Oberon's crown. And the Oberon, played by Victor Jory, was as striking in its way as Orson Welles as Tybalt in the Katharine Cornell production of "Romeo and Juliet." I had an amiable dispute at the time with John Mason Brown about Welles, whom Brown thought lacking in authority, or something. *Moi,* I thought he was the veritable Prince of Cats Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote the play.

Earle also says that he wants to write me a letter about F. Anstey's "The Tinted Venus," "One Touch of Venus," and H. L. Mencken. He says that the fantastic works of Thomas Anstey Guthrie were prime favorites of Mencken's boyhood; and that years ago Walbridge himself picked up Anstey's "Voces Populi" with Mencken's book-plate in it. "Last December," adds Earle, "I found a copy of 'The Tinted Venus,' pictorial cloth, with the Bernard Partridge illustrations." To my own joy, a recent sojourn downtown on jury duty drew my steps to the amazing emporium of Thoms and Eron on Chambers Street, where I myself secured a similar copy (Harper & Brothers, 1898) for the chaste sum of nineteen cents (penny tax). At the sound of the words, "Haggard and distraught was Leander—" memories of fabulous delight billowed around me.

I should like to call attention to the fact that "Lincoln and an Urgent World Problem," the fourth Cooper Union Lincoln lecture, delivered on February 12, 1943 by Arthur Upham Pope is now published in attractive format by The Iranian Institute of 9 East 89th Street, this city, and has something cogent to say to our own time. Elsa Gidlow, of Fairfax, California, has sent me a copy of *The California Milk News* containing a long poem by Hugo Storm about a bull named Beauregard. She says, "Do you look for regional literature in a trade journal?" No, I never had, but this poem is all right! She also sends me clippings about a neighbor of hers, Rupert Tourney, who recently received three original unpublished poems by the late George Sterling written in his own hand, and given to Tourney by a Mrs. Shattuck. Mr. Tourney has also been promised fifty other ms. poems of Sterling's! If these are actually unpublished, what a literary find! Of the three now published in the *Fairfax (Calif.) Gazette,* and in the *San Francisco Chronicle,* the one that seems to me the best is brief and untitled. It runs:

Ashes were all, and echoes at the last
Of music melancholy with the past.
One tear of yours has more of truth than all
The dreams and fallacies that could not stay.
Stand close, O Love, ere the Great Shadow fall
Or the Great Shadow die into the day.

I hope it has long since "died into the day" for George Sterling!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Jean Valjean, in "Les Miserables," by Victor Hugo.
2. Eliza Harris, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe.
3. "William Wilson," by Edgar Allan Poe.
4. Captain Hook, in "Peter Pan," by James M. Barrie.
5. Enoch Drebber, in "A Study in Scarlet," by Conan Doyle.
6. Jacob Fuller, in "A Double-Barreled Detective Story," by Mark Twain.
7. Phileas Fogg, in "Around the World in Eighty Days," by Jules Verne.
8. Bigger Thompson, in "Native Son," by Richard Wright.
9. Brutus Jones, in "The Emperor Jones," by Eugene O'Neill.
10. George Heisler, in "The Seventh Cross," by Anna Seghers.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received eight days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

I, TOO (city-bred) have to live in the sticks. Won't Mr. Early Fiftyish please write lonely widow? Box 62-J.

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YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN, cultivated reader, sympathetic, conversant with the arts, fond of animals, domestically inclined, desires part-time work as companion. Box 96-J.

(Continued on page 38)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 37*)

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PERSONALS

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AGAIN—the Nov. 13, 1943, SRL is exhausted. Will pay 15c per copy, plus postage, for any returned to us.

WE'RE YOUNG. We're dissatisfied. We want clean fun. We want to live. Who will correspond? Box 110-J.

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The Crostics Club

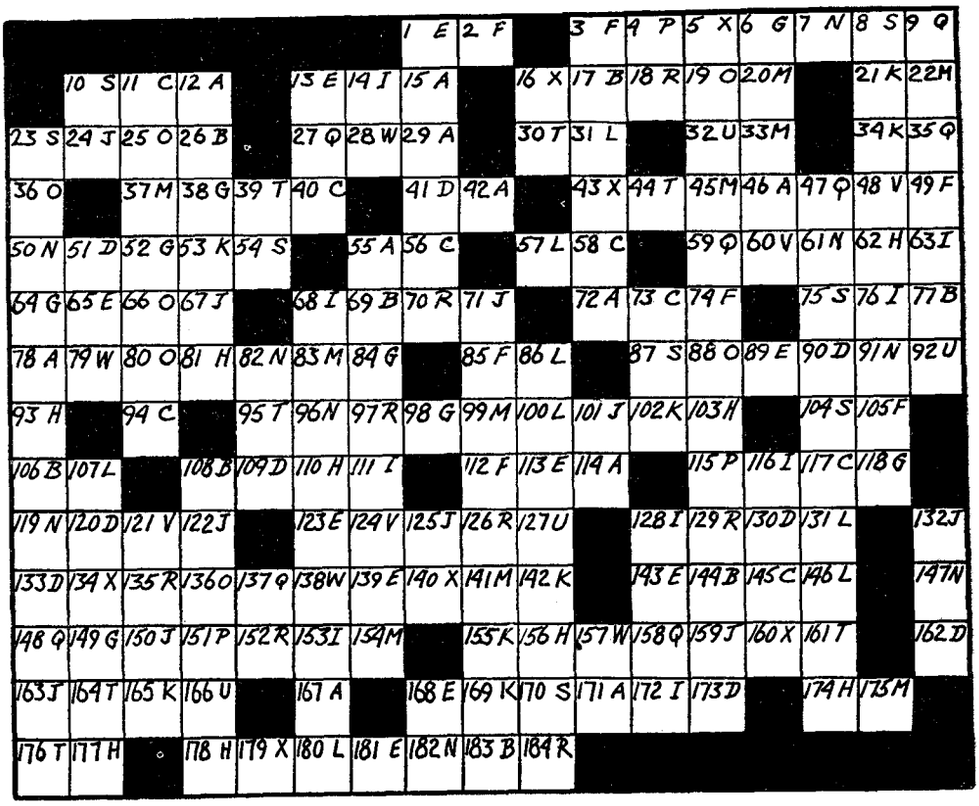
MRS. ELEANOR McKEY, Whitman, Mass., writes of a queer coincidence worth passing on to others DCers: "After spending a half evening on the DC starting 'My Puritan grandmother,' I had arrived at the letters LOUISEMBOWMANSEALAVENDER. For some strange reason I arranged the author's name like this: LOUIS EMBOW, a completely unknown personality to me, of course, but after all, why should I think I know every author? . . . Now that the author was, I thought, settled, I tried to make a title out of MANSEALAVENDER, but no sense came of it. I gave up in disgust. . . . The next afternoon I was visiting a friend, a pure-blooded Mohawk Princess of great poetic ability, who was born on the Six Nations Reserve in Ontario. During my visit she gave me, to look at, an Anthology of Canadian Poets which she had just purchased. As I leafed through it my eye was suddenly caught by a few words that simply popped up off a page at me. 'My Puritan Grandmother!' There it was. 'Louise M. Bowman!'"

When I was in Toronto in September the Librarian told me of the expected advent of that Anthology, which I should have welcomed then. Elizabeth Wood, Germantown, Pa., had made the Anthology's acquaintance, too, just before she was confronted with the DC. In fact, after reading *Sea Lavender* she had gone to the library to see if she could find other poems by the same author!

Earle F. Walbridge, New York University Library, sends this illuminating comment on the use of *noumenon*. "The word was familiar to me from Mark Twains's book, 'Christian Science.' He quoted Mrs. Eddy's remark that 'His spiritual noumenon and phenomenon silenced portraiture' and commented, 'I realize that *noumenon* is a daisy; and I will not deny that I shall use it whenever I am in a company where I think I can embarrass with it. . . . You cannot silence portraiture with a noumenon; if portraiture should make a noise, a way could be found to silence it, but even then it could not be done with a noumenon. Not even with a brick, some authorities think.'" Mr. Earle, evidently without having read Chester Bradford's suggestion that I use "Burgess Unabridged," makes the same suggestion, stressing "wowze"—a woman who is making a fool of herself and doesn't know it, etc., and "skyscrimble"—to make a wild flight from an untenable intellectual position. There is no question about the picturesque connotation of the words incorporated into that dictionary.

A typically naive letter from Will Irwin awaits sharing with you.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 516

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the square are for convenience, indicating to which words in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 24 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Arched; valuted; chelonian.

B. Italian composer *(Pines of Rome)*.

C. Having an acute sense of smell (Zool.)

D. Thoroughgoing; complete (comp.)

E. Weak, characterless drink (comp.)

F. Heavy flat sword of matador (Sp. bullfighting).

G. Small or dainty illustration.

H. Fortified as a city or building.

I. Degree of projection by a head (Scul.: *Head of St. Cecilia* by Donatelli; 2 wds.)

J. Thames suburb of London famed by Pope and Horace Walpole.

K. American novelist and critic *(Up Stream)*.

L. Having sharp edges and tapering to a slender point (iris leaves).

M. Exceedingly small (a child's word) (comp.)

N. Depravity; inherent baseness.

O. Muse of Music (Gr. Myth.)

P. The usual or normal kind, group, etc.

Q. North American turtle prized for food.

R. Duel-loving Irishman in *The Rivals*.

S. Fourth son of David—executed by Solomon's order.

T. Enlisted men (Brit. Navy).

U. Fight; brawl; riot (Slang U. S.)

V. Brass instrument symbolic of power, glory, etc. (Bib.)

W. Beggar who ran errands for Penelope's suitors *(Odyssey)*

X. High in public esteem.

WORDS

72 114 15 55 171 12 167 42 78 29 46

183 144 26 77 69 106 17 108

56 117 58 145 73 94 11 40

133 162 51 41 109 173 120 130 90

89 143 65 181 113 139 123 1 168 13

74 2 112 85 3 49 105

64 52 98 6 149 118 84 38

93 81 174 156 177 110 178 62 103

153 111 68 63 116 172 14 76 128

101 67 159 132 24 125 163 71 150 122

34 102 155 165 21 53 169 142

146 31 100 180 86 107 131 57

45 141 99 22 154 37 20 175 83 33

61 96 119 50 91 7 182 147 82

25 88 80 19 136 36 66

151 4 115

158 137 47 148 35 27 59 9

129 70 126 152 135 97 184 18

10 75 170 54 8 87 23 104

39 176 164 30 44 161 95

92 166 127 32

124 121 48 60

157 79 28 138

179 140 43 134 5 160 16

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SUNBURST

by Mauricio Magdaleno

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